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The Week.

THE official figures having not all come in, the exact majorities in the October elections cannot be given, but it is plain that the Republicans have carried Ohio by something like 17,000, Pennsylvania by about 10,000, Nebraska by about 2,000, and Indiana by a little less than 1,000. By rights, these majorities ought to read 22,000, 20,000, 2,000, and 8,000 or more. It is difficult for an outsider to form an idea of the struggle through which the Pennsylvania Republicans have had to pass. Seymour was to be elected in Pennsylvania, and all the resources of the Democracy of the Atlantic States were poured into Philadelphia, just as those of the Western and Southern Democracy were poured into Southern Indiana. It was intended that Philadelphia should give the Democrats a majority of 8,000 votes, and that, it was thought, would give the State to Seymour. This struggle, fortunately, leaves the Republicans in the State far better organized than it found them—indeed, than they ever were before. The victory gives them the United States senatorship, which Mr. Buckalew now holds. The lost Congressional districts will perhaps be regained, on account of the fraudulent votes cast. The two city districts, at all events, ought, we should think, to be recovered; and Mr. John Covode has announced his intention to contest the representation of the Twenty-first District. In Ohio, the senatorship was lost last year; this year three Congressional districts have been lost and one gained. But Mr. Ashley is as well out of Congress as in it; and it is a great comfort that the "working-man's candidate," Mr. S. F. Cary, whom the working-men graphically describe as "a fraud," gives up his seat to an honest Republican. General Morgan's victory over his Republican competitor in the Columbus District is a misfortune, both on account of the man it puts in and the man it keeps out. General Morgan is one of the sort of men—like Mr. James Brooks, Mr. S. S. Cox, Mr. Mungen, and other "leaders"—whose worthlessness in opposition has been as injurious to the Republican party as it has been discreditable to their own. Indiana will send a Republican senator to take Mr. Hendricks's place, so the prize for which he entered the contest, and for the gaining of which so much money was spent and so much cheating done, has eluded him. And there is hardly a doubt that Mr. Daniel Voorhees will be unseated. It was only by cheating that he was returned; and it is a shame that, after having been expelled the House for disloyalty, he should be able to go back and stay even long enough to be turned out for fraud. Wisconsin, also, will very soon consign Mr. Doolittle to private life; and, what with his substitute and Mr. Buckingham, from Connecticut, in place of Mr. Dixon, the party will console itself for Mr. Wade's retirement. Luckily, the Senate can "get along" with a smaller number of Democrats than the House ought to have, or it would almost seem as if Republicans there were going to be too numerous. Still, the next four years have much in store, and all the party has may be needed.

The South has lately been more obstreperous than ever, to judge by the news received within the week; and especially we have to notice more single assassinations of prominent Republicans than at any time since any Republicans have been there. In Saint Mary's Parish, Louisiana, the Sheriff was shot in his hotel on the night of Friday last. A patrol which was organized as soon as possible after the event went through the town, and in one of its streets found the body of the Parish Judge stretched out on the ground. Several persons were engaged in the killing, but there were no arrests. Both the murdered men were Republicans. "A bogus judge and sheriff killed in Louisiana," is the *World's* description of the affair. This is almost being an accessory after the fact. On the following night the office of the *Register*, a paper published at Attakapas, in the same parish, was sacked by a mob, and the editor and printers were obliged to take their leave for New Orleans. "The negroes," our Democratic friends will learn with regret—the Associated Press says so—"are making very bold threats," and they will probably have to have some more printing offices burned about their ears. The St. Landry massacre, by the way, seems to have resulted in the killing of more than one hundred negroes. While we are in this military district of our American Poland, it is as well to look for a moment at the case of a former satrap who has been trying to do business in Marion County, Texas. On the 11th of the month news came to Galveston of the murder of the Honorable G. W. Smith, a Republican delegate to the convention. He had been speaking to an audience of his constituents, and on leaving the meeting was fired upon. He appears to have returned the fire—which is the more likely as he was a Union captain during the war—and retreated to the quarters of a small detachment of United States troops. These the attacking party disarmed, their commander apparently being cowardly or most inefficient, and then Smith was literally riddled with bullets. Buchanan and Hancock together have made Texas a fine place of residence for men not rebels. The massacre at Millican, done in August last, is said to be as yet not reported upon by any United States officer.

On to-day week, at Pine Bluff, in Arkansas, the Deputy Sheriff of Drew County, a Republican, was tied to a negro and both were killed at one shot. "A carpet-bag deputy slain in Arkansas," the *World* says in reference to this case. The arms which we spoke of as being at Memphis, on their way to Arkansas, were the property of Governor Clayton and Senator McDonald, and were to have been sold to the State for the militia. A steamer was at last procured to take them from Memphis, but before she was far from the city she was captured by a tugboat load of masked men and the guns were thrown into the river. The innocence of the Associated Press reporter was almost too much for him when he transmitted this intelligence and news of the governor's action after the piracy. "Prominent officials," he says, say that they cannot quite comprehend the governor's telegram to Schofield, in which he says that he is satisfied armed resistance to the laws is contemplated in Arkansas. The officials "do not understand why he should entertain such fears, as he himself states that the arms were thrown overboard by the captors." It is hard to understand; especially as the gentlemen who took the *Hesper* are notoriously ignorant of the use of fire-arms and captured both her and the tugboat by moral suasion, in the employment of which agency the older residents of Arkansas have reached great excellence. The governor will nevertheless need troops. Many of the Republicans who are in office, or have otherwise made themselves conspicuous marks, are fleeing into Missouri.

In the Carolinas there are two partisan murders reported as having occurred within the week. On the afternoon of Friday, in broad daylight, a colored Senator standing on the platform of a railroad car,

in Abbeville District, was killed by three men, who coolly rode up to the train and shot him. "The murderers were not recognized." In the same district a white member of the House of Representatives was killed by a disguised party, who shot him in his carriage as he was approaching his home. He was what is called a "scallawag"—being a native Southerner, and not Democratic in his political opinions. North Carolina has as yet had no murders; but the governor is apprehensive of violent outbreaks on the 3d of November, and has seen fit to issue his proclamation, in which he declares "that weapons of an extraordinary character"—repeating rifles—"are imported into the State by political organizations, and distributed in a secret manner among persons whose spokesmen deny the authority of the existing government, and who publicly declare that all government, to be authoritative and binding, must proceed alone from one race of our people." General Miles, the Vandal guard of Mr. Jefferson Davis at Fortress Monroe, is in command in North Carolina, and he has so disposed the too few troops under his orders that very likely Governor Holden's apprehensions will not be justified by any disturbances. Indeed, the bold tone of his proclamation, which, as a state document, does credit to his literary abilities, is confirmatory proof of the encouraging testimony concerning North Carolina affairs which we have borne on more than one occasion. Evidently, the governor has at his back a good many white men of like mind with himself; and we expect that there will be a tolerably easy Republican victory in North Carolina, and that in the whole State there will not be three such murders as have been done by the hundred in the rest of the South.

Mr. Motley delivered, on Tuesday evening, the opening lecture at the Fraternity Course in Boston, testifying, in his first words, the depth of his sympathy for the Republican cause, and his sense of responsibility as a citizen to do all in his power to lend it success. His address was a peculiarly able and eloquent presentation of the issues now at stake, and rich, as might have been expected, in historical illustrations. Especially admirable were his remarks on State sovereignty and centralization, and on the oppressiveness of reconstruction, while with great weight he set forth the arguments against repudiation in any shape. The summary of the character of General Grant, with which he closed, was full of feeling of a sort not generally found in campaign speeches, and such as Mr. Beecher is generally master of, though in this respect he disappointed his hearers at the Brooklyn Academy the other night. Mr. Motley's speech appears to have been printed, and we hope that it will have a very wide circulation.

What General Blair's programme is, if he should be elected, we were informed by his "manly but infelicitous" utterance in the Brodhead letter. The present governments in every Southern State were to be overthrown by violence, and the President was to be a passive witness of the new revolution, if not an active participant. He has recently made another equally manly and equally felicitous utterance in one of his numerous St. Louis speeches. This time he tells us what the Democratic party is going to do in case it does n't succeed. The Radical candidate, General Grant, is never to be allowed to leave the White House alive. We paid no attention to this threat when news of it came by telegraph, but it is now given by the St. Louis papers in their report of the speech. The Brodhead letter was written soberly, in cold blood, and, as we suppose, by a colder blooded man than General Blair; but we doubt if there is not more to be feared from the threatenings of the harangue. Southern hearts can be fired individually as well as collectively, and talk like this of Blair's is wickedly dangerous.

One of the most singular political movements ever set on foot in this country has during the week been suggested by the *World*. So far as is now apparent on the surface, the thought of changing the Democratic candidates was first conceived by Mr. "Wash. McLean" and some of the other Pendleton leaders in Ohio. It is entirely worthy of the gentlemen whom the Democratic party has latterly been obliged to accept as leaders—wire-pullers dignified with the name of statesmen, and so destitute of the first element of political good sense, in a country

where the people rule, that there is hardly one of them who for the last dozen years has, at any time, guessed what the people thought and how they were feeling. It would of course have been a ridiculous attitude for the party to put itself in—that of deserting its chosen standard-bearers, finding new ones, nominating them, reconciling the jarring sections of the Democracy to the informally selected substitutes—and doing it all within twenty days of the day of election. The proposal was so fatuous that it is no wonder if people have ever since been looking about for some hidden reason which induced the *World* to make it. But having heard that in reality it came originally from the able men who thought Seymour and Blair could carry the country, nobody will think it necessary to look hard for occult reasons. The eagerness, however, with which the *World* and the inner ring of New York politicians caught up the idea and urged it on the attention of the party is a matter for curious consideration. The explanations that have been given are various, but a probable opinion is, that all hope of electing their Presidential candidates having been lost, our Democratic politicians resolved to take some means of impressing the New York rank and file with the necessity of trading Seymour votes for Republican votes for Hoffman and Assemblymen. The Assemblymen are, of course, to send a Democratic Senator to Congress in place of Morgan or Fenton; Hoffman is to remove the Tammany ring to Albany; and the State is to be blessed with a government like that of this city. If this explanation seems too far-fetched, it will seem so only to people ignorant of the political intriguing for which New York has always been notorious. We ourselves do not quite accept it. The selling out of Seymour, or we are much mistaken, began before the October elections, and was contemplated, if not determined upon, before he was put in nomination. However that may be, the articles in question have had something of the effect we have spoken of. Furthermore, they must have given the *World* managers a delightful experience of the "I told you so" feeling. Last summer the *World* worked hard for Chase and a progressive platform, and was severely snubbed for doing so. Now it has retorted upon its revilers; and not idly either, for it cannot be otherwise than that so frank a confession of defeat as it made in advising a change of base will do something to force the conviction on the party mind that the *World's* and not Vallandigham's wing of the party must rule. Republicans may properly rejoice at the whole affair, and that for a dozen reasons. One is, that it is something gained for honesty in politics if the Democracy throughout this and other States can be made to hate and disregard the treacherous Democratic managers of this city and Albany.

What effect all this manœuvring will have on the result in this State, it is hard to say. We are much inclined to think that it will have none, or little; that Griswold as well as Grant will defeat his opponent; and that neither Mr. Tilden nor Mr. Church nor Mr. Sweeney will go to Washington. Even if the prospect were not so good of giving Grant at any rate a tolerable majority in this State, even if Seymour gets the vote of every Democrat, there is not the least reason why Republicans should bargain. Grant has no need of our thirty-three electoral votes. What the Republican party in this State ought to desire above all things is the defeat of the Tammany candidate for governor; it is of vastly more importance than carrying the State for Grant. Meantime, the legitimate work of the campaign goes on with the utmost activity; the stump speakers are in great force, and processions and oratory are the nightly occupation of the citizens; the party headquarters are full of clerks mailing documents by the thousand; the American landscape which has people and has not a flag visible, must be rarely seen. The weekly number of meetings is some hundreds, and many of the speakers are very clever. General Sharpe, for example, puts to shame most of our experienced speech-makers. Governor Seymour is himself going to take the stump and formally become what some of the irreverent have called him—"the tail to Hoffman's kite." Elsewhere throughout the country, even where the October fighting was done, there is much ardor, but it is nowhere hotter than in the Fifth Massachusetts District, where the Democrats—the Democrat of that district is a being decidedly different from the "copperhead" or the New York naturalized variety—have nominated Judge Otis Lord, and are not

going to vote for Mr. Dana. Mr. Dana is stumping the county, and so is General Gordon, who made Butler's acquaintance in war times, and feels that affection for him which animates the breasts of all the good officers with whom he ever came in contact. His speeches are very remarkably plain spoken. It is calculated that if a vote were taken to-day the poll would stand 3,500 for Lord, 3,500 for Dana, and 6,500 for Butler. But Mr. Richard Spofford and other leading Democrats are out in favor of their old ally, and it is improbable, we should suppose, that the vote for Lord will reach so high a figure as 3,500. The struggle is a very severe one; but however it may turn out, the more intelligent and respectable section of the Republican party will have the satisfaction of knowing that they have washed themselves clean of General Butler, and will be no longer responsible for any injury he may do the party, or any disgrace he may bring upon the national good name. By the way, the present devices of some of his friends are quite worthy of himself. The Boston *Commonwealth*—calling in again, if we are not mistaken, the "reasoner" whom it employed in the impeachment business—recently made an attack on Mr. Dana for having, when in England, written a letter, "which made every Tory rejoice and every Liberal sick at heart," against the extension of the right of suffrage to more men than at that time possessed it. This charge the *Transcript* shows to be sheer fabrication. Mr. Dana being asked for information as to the working of the two systems of balloting, that of voting with the sealed envelope or with the folded ballot, gave the information desired, and probably made very few Liberals very sick. Mr. Buffinton, implicated in the purchase of an appointment in the revenue service, is, we are sorry to see, nominated in the New Bedford District in the face of strenuous opposition.

An advertising apothecary, Mr. Helmbold, of this city, recently wrote a letter to match that which Judge Edwards Pierrepont recently wrote to Mr. A. T. Stewart, when he placed his check for \$20,000 in Mr. Stewart's hands to be used by the friends of Grant for campaigning purposes. Mr. Helmbold, in his epistle, laid down the Democratic political creed, as Judge Pierrepont had previously laid down, with reasonable accuracy, the creed of the Republican party. The person to whom his communication was addressed is a member of a firm doing business up-town. It will hardly be believed, but the *Tribune* actually advises its readers—as if it were the *Montgomery Mail*, or the *Independent Monitor*, or the *Atlanta Era*, or the *Petersburg Index*, or a journal published at Richmond, on the James—to refrain from giving their custom to the firm in question. We hardly know what to say to this.

George Francis Train is among the latest adherents of Grant, as the "American People" are told in an address of which the Cable news-monger has seen fit to telegraph a summary. He has discovered in the Democratic party a friendliness to England which is enough to drive every Irishman from the ranks; and for his part, if he is to contest the election of Morrissey, he insists on being an independent candidate. We doubt if his ambition would have satisfied itself with this humble leadership if he had had access to the *World's* files during the past week. The horrible destitution of Presidential candidates foreshadowed by that paper after the fall elections, would have inspired Train to quite another manifesto. The hardships of his imprisonment, however, ought not to be aggravated by his ignorance of what is going on in this country. It may be still not too late to drop Seymour for Train. The hard-hearted creditors who will not, as he says, let him out of jail till he is elected member of Congress, would certainly be thrown into consternation on finding that they had a President of the United States under lock and key in a British dungeon. His chances of release would be vastly improved by this higher nomination, and if he is wise he will telegraph a willingness to take Seymour's place—or Blair's. Blair has as good a chance as Seymour really; his becoming President has been admitted as probable even by the Seymour press of this State.

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, in reviewing the statistics of Irish emigration to this country, finds evidence, in the diminished numbers, of in-

creasing prosperity among the Irish people, and looks to the time when wages will be so nearly equalized on both sides of the water that emigration from Ireland will cease entirely. Even now the returning emigrants amount to from a quarter to a third of the outgoing. Cession, the *Gazette* thinks, will inevitably cause a great delay in the material progress of the United States, unless the Germans and other European peoples supply the place of the Irish. No one can doubt that this substitution will take place to an even greater extent than has already been the case since the German stream, for instance, began to surpass the Irish in volume; and, as we write, we learn of a vigorous effort which is making to put the Baltic population, and that of the provinces lying to the south and east, in direct steam communication with New York, by making a railroad centre of Stettin and using Swinemünde as a port of departure. Moreover, the emigrants of the future are to be still more largely agricultural than ever, when the South as well as the West is fairly opened to colonization. The Irish having served comparatively little as pioneers and cultivators, they will not be missed from this company, while their peculiar work on railroads and canals, and other simply laborious offices, will apparently be in time monopolized by the Chinese, keeping pace with the advance of the Pacific Railroad. How much the new treaty will accomplish for us on this side depends a good deal on the temper of the Californians and their submission to paper stipulations. Once admitted, however, the Chinese will not stop west of the Sierra Nevada. We shall be greatly surprised if they do not ultimately congregate in this city in considerable numbers; and they may contribute a satisfactory solution to the "servant-gal" question.

There are a good many reasons why the Spanish revolution may not result, as could be wished, in a liberal and stable form of government, and why speculations on this subject should be indulged in with caution. Supposing, however, that the Junta maintains itself till December 15, the date assigned for the assembling of the Cortes, Spain will have enjoyed in the interval a formally unexceptionable rule. Every decree of the Junta thus far has been, within the limits of possibility, as considerate of human and individual rights as if it were certain that the Cortes would decide in favor of a republic. The week's work of this provisional government has been, if we may trust the Cable, to reopen the free schools, to decree freedom to all children born of slaves hereafter in the colonies, to provide for conforming the national coinage to that of France, and to appoint, among other officials, a Minister to England. These and the acts which preceded them are well worth, if only to be put on paper, the bloodless revolution which has procured them.

In Italy, of course, the events in Spain have not caused inconsolable grief. The Roman question is now reduced to its lowest terms, and France can no longer share with any other power the odium of maintaining the Pope. Some late discussions, also, on the part of the Italian press, as to whether Italy could afford to make alliances in case of a war between France and Prussia, have become simplified since it is certain that Spain will not add weight to the Emperor's demands for assistance in such a struggle. Italy can with greater security plead its internal affairs as an excuse for neutrality; and that this is no mere pretext, the disorganized condition of many parts of the kingdom, and of the Romagna in particular, too plainly declares. In Ravenna the state of society is scarcely more tolerable than in Texas. Armed bands hold the country in terror, overawe the judges, plunder and murder with impunity; and even in the cities, in broad daylight, assassinations are so frequent that men fear to go about their peaceful avocations. Things have come to such a pass that the Government has sent General Escoffier, with extraordinary authority, civil and military, to break up the gangs and restore the dominion of law. The officials themselves, however, in all parts of the peninsula, are sadly wanting in honesty, and above all in independence of politics. Through them the secrets of the Government are constantly betrayed to the opposition, with the natural result of embittering party strife and preventing any ministry from doing its best to reform and govern the state. Neither prefects nor police are exempt from this practical disobedience and lawlessness.

THE OCTOBER CAMPAIGN.

PENNSYLVANIA, Ohio, and Indiana have united their voices with those of Vermont and Maine, in pronouncing the condemnation of the Democratic party. The struggle was more evenly matched than in the far Northern States, and the majorities are not so overwhelming. But they are large enough. They make the general result in November absolutely certain. Not only so, but they secure to the Republican candidates a clear majority of all the electoral votes, without counting the vote of a single reconstructed State in their favor. The whole number of electoral votes, if all the States were restored, would be 317. Only 294 will, however, be cast. General Grant is now secure of 152 votes from the States which never were claimed for the Southern Confederacy, without counting New York in his favor. He is also morally certain to carry Missouri and West Virginia, which will give him 168 votes of indisputable validity. In addition to these he will receive the votes of several reconstructed States, and is quite as likely as anybody else to carry New York and California, in which case Mr. Seymour will receive less than fifty electoral votes. In any event, he cannot possibly get more than ninety.

Although this result has been long foreseen by those who have studied the subject with impartiality, and the figures are exactly the same as those which we gave last June, yet the facts are so remarkable as to excite some wonder in minds which have from the first anticipated them. The Republican party will, next November, have carried three successive Presidential elections, by steadily increasing popular majorities. It will have carried a majority of the Northern States for its Presidential candidates four times in succession. It will have had a popular majority in the North at every annual election for eleven years, with only one exception.

Such a continuous series of victories is a marvellous thing. Public opinion undergoes even more rapid changes now than in former days. Indeed, the doctrines of the Republican party have changed greatly in some respects. Yet, amid all these changes, and with the heavy disadvantage of an enormous foreign immigration constantly making votes against it—and this is a fact not sufficiently considered—the party has maintained a hold upon the confidence of the people which is without any parallel in the last forty years.

The principal cause of this popular steadfastness may be found in the extraordinary obtuseness and wickedness of the Democratic party—qualities of which it has made even more than its usual display this year. Its obtuseness was illustrated by the nomination of Seymour—its wickedness and obtuseness both by that of Blair: the former proving that it could not get out of its old rut, even to save its life; and the latter showing that the only new allies that were welcome to its camp were those who came with more ferocity of spirit than was possessed even by the old line soldiers. Having thus opened the campaign by throwing away all chance of success in a fair fight, the party managers undertook to maintain their reputation for wickedness, as well as to recover their lost ground, by an organized and widespread system of fraud. In Pennsylvania they manufactured citizens by the thousand, under pretended forms of law, but really in open disregard of the law; and fearing lest these should not suffice, they forged unknown numbers of naturalization certificates. In Indiana, where the law affords most unwise facilities for such operations, they colonized voters from Kentucky in numbers which sufficed to carry two Congressional districts, and very nearly carried the State.

No one seems able to devise the means of punishing or fully preventing these monstrous frauds. The public conscience is not awake to their true character, and respectable men do not treat a political forger as they do the forger of a note. Unfortunately, all parties are more or less guilty in this respect. The Republicans cheated badly in Indiana in 1864, excusing themselves on the ground that their opponents were engaged in treasonable conspiracies. The Democrats, of course, have an excuse equally satisfactory to themselves. But, beyond all question, they do the most cheating, and their preponderance of sin brings its punishment in the loss of nearly enough votes among honorable men to make up for all that they gain by fraud. Moreover, men who uniformly cheat their political opponents are absolutely sure to cheat among themselves; and the notoriety of the Democratic party

for the fraudulent character of its internal management has much to do with its present depressed condition.

How depressed that condition is, we have all been made aware by the extraordinary proposition of a change in the candidates of the party. This suggestion, although not adopted, has received a degree of attention that would never have been given to it if the party had not despaired of success. The Republican majority in Pennsylvania is not very large, while that in Indiana is extremely small; yet no sensible Democrat dreams of overcoming either in November. The Democracy has obviously lost all hope of further gains; it has exhausted its utmost strength, and no longer dreams of victory outside of New York and New Jersey. Of course no change can now be made either in the ticket or the platform. Rhetorically, it is well to praise "audacity," but when one-third of an army secretly longs for an excuse to desert, a change of flag or leader in the face of the enemy is a fatal experiment. The Democratic managers want to keep their party together for another struggle, although in this they foresee inevitable defeat.

The Republicans lose seven members of Congress, and these losses, added to those which are certain to be sustained in November, particularly in the Southern States, make it probable that the party will not have quite two-thirds of the next House of Representatives. While regretting the loss of some faithful members, we are not dissatisfied with the general result. The majority in Congress has been too large for its own good. It has had the power of suspending the rules and shutting off debate, whenever it was disposed, and it has exercised this power far too often for the welfare of the country and of the party. The majority in the next House, even if it numbers two-thirds, will be unable to muster such a vote without the unanimous concurrence of the party; and the moderate members will thus be able to hold their more incautious associates in check.

Indeed, the comparative smallness of the majorities by which the fate of this campaign has been decided is not a matter of great regret. We should have been more sorry than we can well express if the majorities had been the other way; but we think they are about as large as a far-seeing friend of republicanism could desire. The result actually attained will secure all the substantial fruits of the most sweeping victory, while it will also, we believe, impress upon the party counsels that moderation and patience which, far more than any temporary majorities, secure permanent and satisfactory triumphs.

NAMES IN POLITICS.

As we have more than once said, the contest in the Fifth Massachusetts district is not one of simply local interest. There is hardly a paper in the country which has not discussed it. There is not a decent or intelligent man in the country who is not watching it with anxiety. The reasons of this are obvious. In the first place, it affords an excellent test of the value attached to the *character* of public men by the party laying strongest claims to purity and morality; for here is the most disreputable politician of the party seeking the suffrages of one of its most intelligent, moral, and "pure-blooded" constituencies—meaning by "pure-blooded," let us repeat for the benefit of dunces, constituencies in which the original Puritan population, with its peculiar religious and social training, has suffered least from the intermixture of ignorant foreign immigrants with no training whatever. In the next place, it affords a test of the extent to which the worst men of the party have succeeded in indoctrinating the Republicans with Democratic notions of the nature of party discipline. The theories of the obligations imposed by this discipline, which were propounded by the wilder men at the time of the impeachment, naturally alarmed and disgusted most of those who believe that if you take from the Republican party its respect for the individual conscience and understanding of its members, and for rules of morality, you deprive it not only of all value, but of all reason for existing; and it led a great many to fear that the organization was moving rapidly along the broad and dirty road of unscrupulousness which has brought the Democratic party to its present deplorable condition. When moral reformers began to sneer at the "consciences" of the most highly respectable men, and to talk of respect for oaths as "cant," it seemed a sure sign to many that there was something rotten in the organization.

The failure of the attempt to cow the seven senators into submission, and the firm support these gentlemen received from the better portion of the press, and the rapid return of the party to a healthy and rational state of mind about impeachment, showed, however, that there was more alarm than was necessary, and that the reign of pure and unblushing unscrupulousness was not so near as it seemed. The defeat of Barnum in Connecticut, and the amount of "scratching" and "bolting" done in other parts of the country in the same year, proved, too, that there were plenty of Republicans everywhere determined to resist to the last any attempt to introduce into the party the Democratic doctrine as to the supremacy of caucuses. The *New York Tribune* preached that doctrine in all its nakedness with regard to Barnum; but three months later, seeing how the public felt, repudiated it boldly.

In Butler's case, his supporters are evidently trying to revive it. The "regularity of his nomination" is put forward as one of his claims to support with a confidence worthy of General John Cochrane, who said, when in the Democratic fold, that if the devil got "the regular nomination" he would vote for him, as if anything in politics could be "regular" which was not decent, which was not moral, and in which the right of virtue and intelligence to rule the world was not recognized! What makes it all the more remarkable is, that it is now put forward by men who have been professed moralists, who used to weigh cases of conscience, who act as if they believed that the moral law, unlike the common law, thought nothing too minute for its attention, and as if there were no "duties of imperfect obligation." Moreover, Butler's open disregard of party discipline—in his attempt to tax the bonds, his combining with the Democrats to endanger the public credit, postpone or make impossible the funding of the debt at a low rate of interest, and seduce the nation into an open fraud of the most despicable character—is treated as a mere bagatelle by men who treated the professions of respect for the obligation of an oath, uttered by the minority of the Republican senators in the impeachment trial, as mere cant and humbug, and the obligation itself as utterly insignificant compared with the obligations of party discipline. For several weeks Trumbull and Fessenden were spoken of as if they were a pair of hypocrites who had robbed a till, and defended the theft by alleging their desire to bestow the money in charity.

Another device is being resorted to for General Butler's assistance which is more dangerous, because more insidious, than the "regular ticket" plea. He is being cried up as a genuine "Radical," and his opponent as a mere "Conservative." Curiously enough, however, this too is borrowed from Democratic tactics. It is simply an attempt to practise on New Englanders the kind of deception involved in making names play the part of ideas, which the Democratic leaders have so long practised successfully on the Irish. There is no magic in the term "Radical" any more than in the term "Democratic." Both may be made to cover men and principles of the worst kind. There are Radical asses just as well as Radical sages. There are times when it is good to be a "Radical"—that is, a tearer up by the roots; and there are times when it is good to be a Conservative—that is, an advocate of preservation or construction. A man who persists in being always Radical, under all circumstances—and there are times when that may be to insist on pulling his cabbages up every day to see how they are growing—a man who insists on always destroying, and on looking upon all construction, or all respect or love for the thing that is, with suspicion, is a man for whom the politics of reasonable people has no place, and whom perseverance in his course may eventually bring to the lunatic asylum. Sensible citizens of a free and intelligent community do not ask about a candidate, "Is he Democratic or is he Radical?" but "Is he honest, is he pure, is he above reproach, is he able, is he eloquent, has he been a consistent and faithful supporter of certain principles?" They do not ask about a measure, "Is it a Radical measure or is it a Conservative measure?" because experience has a thousand times shown them that a measure may be "Radical," and yet be an unmistakable mixture of folly and rascality, or it may be Conservative, and be the product of both wisdom, knowledge, and discretion. For instance, the Butler plan of paying off the public debt in greenbacks, or fraudulently reducing the interest promised by the nation to the public creditor, is considered by him and many of his

supporters in the Fifth District a "Radical" plan, because some Radicals preach it; but in reality, as Mr. Mill pointed out in the letter we published last week, it is an old feudal plan, hoary with age. The really novel radical, democratic idea is that the nation should keep its promises to the last cent, sink or swim, live or die. Mr. Dana, however, the "Conservative," advocates the latter; Mr. Benjamin Butler, the great "Radical," advocates the other. In short, sensible men who want to see the country well governed do not concern themselves with words but with things, and above all do not allow what Bentham called "question-begging words"—that is, words in the mere utterance of which everything in dispute is assumed—to take the place of argument, or to cover up the facts.

Moreover, it is high time that those who are fond of using the word "Radical" as a spell should explain to the public what they *now* mean by it. They clearly cannot mean what they meant three years ago. Three years ago, a "Radical" was a person who held that conditions ought to be imposed on the South; that it belonged to Congress to prescribe these conditions; and that, amongst them, the abolition of all political discriminations based on color should be included. To be sure, Radicals differed as to the importance they attached to each of these points. Some were most concerned about the negro, others about the Union; but that the interval which separated them was not very great may be conjectured from the fact that so long ago as 1863, so fierce a Radical as the late Mr. George L. Stearns expressed not only his willingness but his desire "to sink the negro in the general question," that is, to give up treating the blacks as a class or party, and treat their interests as simply part and parcel of the general interests of the community. Now all these points have been carried. Conditions which the country has pronounced satisfactory have been imposed on the South; Congress has imposed them, and the blacks have been admitted to the suffrage. We hold that any man who assisted in bringing about this result, who rejoices in it, and who, on this basis—the basis of equal rights, of liberty, and of security—wishes to see the country pursue the path of a national progress, governed by its virtue, its intelligence, its reason, and by the experience of the human race, is still a Radical, in so far as radical means anything that is either good or useful. But in the mouths of a great many of those who now call themselves Radical, and put the name forward as their great title to confidence, it has ceased to mean anything either good or useful. They have made it a synonym for violence, for extravagance, for perturbation and disorder, for scorn of the human understanding, for disdain of the light of history, and the teachings of science, and the slow, safe processes of law. In the impeachment time they made it a synonym for indecency and slander and scorn of individual independence. In the case of General Butler they are trying to make it cover disregard of the character of public men, disregard of the plighted faith of the nation, and disregard even for party discipline in the very cases in which party discipline acts as a salutary check.

One thing is certain, however, that the Republican party cannot be governed by names; and those who are relying on the influence of names to govern it will sooner or later come to grief. General Butler may be re-elected as a "Radical," but if he should be elected we count on him with perfect confidence to expose the folly of trusting anything to names. He will surely furnish a most striking illustration of their worthlessness as political guides. He will by his own career open the eyes of those whose eyes the career of the Democratic party has not opened, and he will, in Congress and out of it, triumphantly vindicate those who believe as we believe, and proclaim as we proclaim, that there is nothing in a man, be he priest, soldier, or politician, on which his fellow-men can rely but his character; that it is not by what he calls himself, or by his doings in this month or that month, that he is to be judged, but by the whole course and tenor of his life. He will himself show the inherent silliness and vanity of the argument that he ought to be elected "because the Copperheads hate him," as if the Copperheads would not hate any man who bore arms against the rebellion, and as if a man might not have borne arms against the rebellion and yet be morally everything that is detestable. And he will, by being a thorn in the side of the Republican majority in Congress, a fomenter of divisions,

of strifes, a lover of chicane and of crooked ways, put those to the blush who think they are "cute" in supporting him and that his election will be the triumph of expediency. At Butler's age men do not change. It is not possible for him to serve faithfully such a party as the Republican party is and ought to be. But we shall not regret his election if his course puts an end, as we trust and believe it will, to the muddle-headed attempts to be "smart" and knowing in politics into which he has succeeded in seducing numbers of really well-meaning and once scrupulous Massachusetts moralists.

THE TRUTH ABOUT RUSSIA.

WE confess to having felt considerably relieved when we read the Cable despatch the other day informing us of the narrow escape of the Grand Duke Alexis in the waters of Denmark, as it proved that the previously received announcement that he was about to visit this country was not true, and that the reflecting portion of the community would be spared the humiliation of witnessing another philo-Russian demonstration. Few people of good taste and good sense, who remember the reception of the Prince of Wales, ever want to see another royal personage set foot on our shores; but there are special reasons for deprecating the advent of a Russian prince, inasmuch as he would be received in a manner which would indicate not simply that Americans were hospitable and respected rank, and felt grateful for Russian friendship and support during the late struggle, but that Russian polity deserved and received our admiration. Extraordinary and lavish demonstrations of gratitude and attachment to foreign powers on the part of a nation like this are just as childish and undignified as extraordinary displays of resentment; but if they are ever to be indulged in at all by a free and enlightened people, it ought to be in token not of their appreciation of such cheap civilities as we have received from Russia, or even of such expressions of "sympathy" with us in adversity as she lately offered, but in token of their approval of the principles on which the Government is based, and of the policy of which it is the supporter, and of the nature of the part it plays in the work of progress. Those who think that our cheers even, and our banquets, ought to be made to help the cause of humanity, can therefore find little cause for comfort in our attitude towards Russia. Our adulation of her has already made us an object of pity or ridicule, not to other nations simply—because one might say their dissatisfaction was due to their envy—but to the wisest and best men in the civilized world, and amongst them those who know Russia best and have most faithfully studied her policy and her manners.

Not that we have a word to say against the Russians. There is no denying that they are an extraordinary people—a people of very wonderful natural gifts, whose future, it is to be hoped, will prove worthy of their powers. But they have, as yet, done nothing to merit the esteem of the world, nothing to earn the gratitude of the civilized portion of mankind. Moreover, their growth has long ceased to be organic growth. The additions made to the empire for the last ninety years have been the result of ruthless conquest, conducted with a barbarity and causing an amount of individual suffering for which the annals of no other modern nation can produce a parallel; and what makes the matter all the worse is, that its victories, both in peace and war, have, except in Asia, been the conquests of a lower over a higher civilization. The way in which very good people in America have been bewitched by the emancipation of the serfs is an illustration of that same perversion of the moral judgment and derangement of the sense of moral proportion which has converted a great many Radicals, after long years of labor in the attempt to apply abstract morality to practical politics, into repudiators of the national obligations and admirers of General Butler, or of anybody else like him who takes it into his head to be "sound on the main question," as if any classification of political "questions" could, in the forum of morals, enable a man to use virtues displayed in one field of activity to offset the rascalities committed in nine others. Our abandonment of the Poles, whose struggle for national independence has been one of the glories of the human race, because the Polish nobles did not do for their serfs in the eighteenth century what the Russian nobles only did for theirs—and that under compulsion—in the latter half of the nineteenth, is and must always

remain a shameful incident in American history. Luckily it is only an incident, and it is one for which the reflecting portion of the community are not responsible, and at which the whole community will, we feel assured, one day feel mortified. Nobody who thinks about foreign politics, or has paid any attention to Russian history, believes that the Russian Government feels any respect for the principles on which this Government rests, or that its friendship for Americans has any better basis than the feeling that we are the one great power of the world which is not likely to interfere with the execution of Russian schemes of aggrandizement, or that there is anything in common between the two countries but size.

If there be anybody, not a regular blatterer, on whom the Russian glamour still rests, we trust he has been an attentive reader of the Russian news of the last three years, on which we have been constantly tempted to comment, and have only refrained from the feeling that it was such "an ancient tale of wrong" that it had no chance of attention. What is the Russia of to-day? What is the spirit of the laws by which she is governed? What offence against civilization is there, except the crime of man-holding and man-selling, which now does not pay in any country, which she does not commit?

The Russian penal code now in force throughout the empire embraces in its two thousand two hundred and twenty-four paragraphs, among others, the following Imperial enactments: There are declared to be twenty-five degrees of criminality, which are punished, some by death, some by exile and life-long hard labor in the Siberian mines, after the public infliction of one hundred lashes by the executioners, and the branding of the forehead and cheeks with the letters K, A, T; some by ninety lashes, branding, and deportation to Siberia for life, with hard labor for various terms of years; some by eighty or seventy lashes, branding, hard labor in fortresses, and perhaps perpetual confinement. Persons convicted of crimes against the "sacred person" of the emperor or the members of his family, or of "attempts on the honor of the emperor," are punished with death. So are those who know of such attempts and do not denounce them. The intentional injuring or mutilating of a statue or image of the emperor, erected at any public or official place, is punished with deportation for life to Siberia, and ten years of hard labor. So also is the man who propagates revolutionary prints, manuscripts, or pictures. Exile to Siberia is the punishment of him, too, who expresses an argument against, or a doubt concerning the rights of, the Imperial Government! These are a few specimens of Russian law, and not the most extravagant ones.

Illustrations of the daily acts of the Russian administration, sufficiently characteristic of its spirit, we find in abundance in our foreign files. The following communications we extract, in a condensed form, from the best informed issues of the last three months: "St. Petersburg, July 7, 1868. The Roman Catholic bishopric of Minsk is to be abolished. Within the last four years twenty-eight of its churches have been surrendered to the Greek Orthodox service, and upward of thirty-five thousand peasants converted to that creed." "Warsaw, July 8. The authorities here are now issuing their rescripts in Russian. Bills of houses-to-be-let written in Polish alone are prohibited. Nor are exclusively Polish business signs permitted." "Warsaw, July 15. An order of the Committee of Organization excludes officials of the Roman Catholic persuasion from the official and personal privileges bestowed upon certain classes by the ukase of August 11, 1867. All non-Russian teachers have been ordered to apply for examination by the Russian Examining Committee before the first of January next, from which day instruction in all schools, public or private, in the former Kingdom of Poland is to be done in Russian exclusively. What is to become of the schools in the country, where nobody knows Russian, is a grave question." "Warsaw, July 21. A counter-police has been established here whose duty it is to watch the regular police." "Wilna, July 25. General Potapoff, the Governor-General of the North-western Department, has issued a circular prohibiting, under severe penalties, the use of the Polish language in 'courts, churches, theatres, club and assembly rooms, hotels, inns, dining-halls, bar-rooms, refreshment-saloons, restaurants, confectionaries, coffee-houses, ale-houses, wine-cellars, warehouses, stores, public gardens and walks, printing, lithographic, and photographic establishments, and, in general, at all places to which

the public has access; besides, all private conversation in Polish is prohibited, except in the interior of the houses, and in family circles." (This curious circular is *in extenso* before us.) "Warsaw, July 31. Jewish parents have been prohibited from hiring Christian wet-nurses for their children." "Wilna, August 5. The new conscription-decree for the western governments punishes evasion of service with confiscation. Towards Jews the decree is still more severe. A Jewish parent who knows of his son's intention to escape by flight, and fails to prevent it by denunciation or otherwise, incurs the same penalty." "Warsaw, August 5. The recently promulgated Imperial ukase on transmigration from one part of the empire to another places Poles and Jews under severe restrictions. The Emperor being expected to visit this city in September, orders have been issued by the police for the whitewashing of houses and repainting of signs." "Warsaw, September 2. The number of Catholic students to be admitted to any of the Imperial universities has been limited to thirty, by order of the Minister of Public Instruction. The price of admission to our grammar and higher schools has been considerably raised." "Wilna, September 15. The once celebrated Calvinist gymnasium of Sluck has been changed into a Russian institution. The Protestant and Catholic schools of these governments have almost entirely disappeared. The general number of pupils of the Lithuanian gymnasias has within the last six years dwindled down from 4,123 to 2,369, that of Polish Catholic pupils from 3,301 to 1,228. The cause is the deportation or impoverishment of so many well-educated and wealthy Polish families in consequence of the rising of 1863." "Warsaw, September 16. Our police makes great exertions to render the reception of the expected Emperor as splendid as possible. All owners of houses, and such tenants whose apartments are supplied with balconies, have been ordered to prepare large Russian flags, transparencies, etc. The illuminations, says the circular, have to be brilliant, and to last three days. A decree just issued orders the closing by our authorities of every book-store in which a work is found which has not passed the censorship, and of every library in which an unstamped book is discovered."

The truth is, that our Russo-mania is based on little or nothing, and can have no endurance. When we know that country we shall—not revise our opinions in regard to it, for we cannot be said to have any, but we shall come to conclusions that will speedily dissipate European fears of a dangerous alliance between the most progressive of the Western nations and an odious and brutal despotism like the Russian.

A VALUABLE OPPORTUNITY.

LIKE all its forerunners, the Universal Exposition of 1867 is bearing results beyond its immediate object of showing the state of human industry in the various civilized countries, of bringing about a closer intercourse between the participating nations, and of accelerating the advance of each upon the high road of progress through the wholesome spirit of emulation. It has but recently transpired that, during the great international gathering in the French capital last year, and in a quarter least suspected of being capable of such a liberal initiative, there was conceived the germ of a scheme promising great and lasting benefit to art, and that, moreover, this germ has since grown to a state of fruition. Everybody remembers the "Congress of Princes," the assembling of which in Paris on the occasion of the grand industrial jubilee was duly proclaimed by the official and semi-official press of France in the most extravagant language as one of the greatest triumphs of the Second Empire. Sensible people would not be persuaded at the time that much good would come to mankind from the pompously celebrated meetings of the "mighty of the earth" under the hospitable roof of Napoleon III. But it seems that they have borne, after all, some useful fruits. Among the papers laid before the British Parliament at the close of its last session were copies of a correspondence between the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Marlborough, as Lord President of the Privy Council, which contained the proof that the royal and imperial guests of the French sovereign did not confine themselves solely to viewing the sights of the Exposition and enjoying the *agrément* of Paris. It appears that an engagement was entered into by twelve princes, representing as many different states, by the terms of which each of the signers pledged himself to use his influence to inaugurate in his own country a system of reproduction of valuable works of art similar

to that so successfully carried on under the auspices of the Department of Science and Art at the South Kensington Museum, and to establish in addition a regular international exchange of the works thus to be reproduced. The agreement was signed by the Prince of Wales, Prince Napoleon, the Crown Prince of Prussia, the Czarevitch, Prince Oscar of Sweden, the two brothers of the Emperor of Austria, the Princes Royal of Italy and Saxony, the brother of the King of Belgium, the Crown Prince of Holland, and Prince Louis of Hesse—all on behalf of the several reigning houses to which they belonged.

Who the originator of the happy idea was does not appear. But the tenor of the agreement shows that it was suggested by the fine display of reproductions made by the South Kensington Museum in the British section of the Exposition. That institution exhibited excellent specimens of French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, German, Swiss, Hindoo, Celtic, and English art, reproduced by casting in plaster, electrotyping, photographing, and other processes, and showing alike the practicability and usefulness of the scheme formally adopted in the agreement. The Prince of Wales communicated the letter to the Lord President of the Privy Council, to whose functions the administration of the Department of Science and Art belongs, with the request to take such steps as would ensure the realization of the plan. The duke in his reply promised to do all in his power to promote it. The other parties to the agreement having also taken the necessary steps for the fulfilment of its terms in their several countries, there can be no doubt of its being generally carried out.

Now, it seems to us that the interchange of the proposed copies furnishes a precious opportunity for supplying one of the most deeply felt wants of our country. Its all but absolute destitution of collections of art is so notorious that we need not waste any words in depicting it. The most valued evidences of human genius extant are already gathered in the numerous, richly endowed museums of the Old World. To procure the originals is out of the question. But the reproductions made and to be made are, we believe, within our reach. The avowed object of the pact of the princes being the artistic education of the people, there can be no serious difficulty in securing to the United States the benefit of the results of their action. Our diplomatic representatives in Europe, with one exception, are anything but overburdened with work. With very little effort they could doubtless induce the proper authorities to let our republic profit by whatever may be done under the agreement in question. To be sure, we shall not be able to offer much in exchange. But then we are rich enough to pay the comparatively trifling cost of reproduction, upon reimbursing which, according to the details of the plan adopted, states unable to give an equivalent are to be furnished with the fac-similes desired. With a moderate yearly appropriation by Congress for the purpose—and a fraction of the money wasted on the class of pretenders of which Miss Ream is a fair type would suffice—we should in due course of time find ourselves in possession of a collection less precious, of course, but hardly less useful than the European stores of the original treasures. Suitable edifices for displaying it would naturally have to be provided. But if Congress should not muster courage to vote the money for constructing them, private liberality would in all probability furnish it.

To show the utility of such a national enterprise—we have hardly faith enough in the artistic enthusiasm of our people to consider the demonstration of its usefulness superfluous—it is but necessary to point out the scope of all similar collections in Great Britain, the importance attached to them in that country as indispensable instruments of popular education, and the highly beneficial influence they have already exercised upon the producing classes of the British Isles. The reproductions of the South Kensington Museum comprise not only the fine arts proper, but architectural monuments, and specimens of every description of meritorious artisans' work of different times and of different nations. They are intended alike for the education of artists and of artisans. The very first of the successive universal expositions having developed the fact that the want of competition under the former protective system had resulted in a manifest inferiority in point of artistic skill of the British artisans in certain higher branches of industry, the Government and people with characteristic common sense jointly set to work to provide means for the better professional education of their working-men, when after the adoption of a free-trade policy intrinsic excellence alone promised a continuance of the traditional industrial prominence of the United Kingdom. For this purpose, Parliament votes annually a sum of money which is expended by the Department of Science and Art. Part of the instruction is afforded by the specimens of works of art multiplied at the South Kensington Museum in the manner referred to,

and accessible to the industrial classes not only at that central repository, but in branch collections opened in all the great manufacturing centres. The official reports of the British commissioners to the several world's expositions since 1860 all bear testimony to a marked progress in artistic taste, owing to the influence of these collections, which enables the British artisan at this time to compete successfully in several of the branches in which the French and other nationalities before excelled. At the close of 1860, the year in which this educational movement commenced, there were but nine special schools of science and art with 500 scholars in the United Kingdom. This number had increased at the close of 1864 to 91 schools with 4,663 scholars. At the close of 1867 there were no less than 283 schools with a total of 11,600 scholars! To all these schools, established partly with public aid and partly through the liberality of large manufacturers, the collections provided by the South Kensington Museum have been what maps and geographical apparatus are to the common schools.

Even the most enthusiastic admirer of our people and country will not pretend that all has been done for the professional training of our industrial classes that might and should be done. The example of Great Britain is being rapidly followed by the leading Continental states. Shall it be said of us that we do less for the elevation of our industrial producers than the nations over which we never tire of claiming our unapproachable superiority?

Correspondence.

GEN. PHELPS ON GEN. BUTLER'S PRACTICAL ABILITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A communication in your paper of the 15th inst. alludes to me in connection with General Butler in New Orleans during the war, and claims superior "practical" ability for that general. I should hardly notice this communication if it had appeared in any other paper than the *Nation*.

The Government, in choosing a general from New England to command in the South-west in the earlier stages of the war, was governed somewhat, it may be presumed, by its appreciation of New England character. Some of the better traits of that character, as I understand them, are a great love of *liberty*, devotion to fundamental principles, respect for law, order, and regularity, and, not least, for *economy*, or unwasteful expenditure of money. On the other hand, some of its inferior traits are shrewdness and cunning in politics, and addiction to certain peculiar habits of trade and traffic.

Now, it seems to me that, under General Butler's régime in the South-west, New England was more prominently represented in these latter traits of her character—in her proclivities to trade and politics—than in her better traits and qualities; and that, as an inevitable consequence of such a representation, her general became too much involved in material considerations to render his services of any *practical* value to the country, however much they may have redounded to his own personal interests, or apparently to those of the party to which he is at present *politically* attached.

The communication referred to claims for General Butler great pre-science in making military preparations for the rebellion, in the certain anticipation of which he became the colonel of a Massachusetts militia regiment. But at the same time that the general was thus preparing for war, he was voting to place the government of the country and its resources at the disposal of Jefferson Davis. This is certainly a very remarkable case of practical ability!

The general finally entered the military service of the United States as early as April, 1861, and though much given to making speeches, rather more than is natural to a "practical mind," yet he never came out and fully committed himself in a decided speech in favor of arming slaves, a simple practical measure of war, until April, 1863. This long delay of two years, which extended far beyond the already too long deferred Proclamation of Emancipation, is utterly untenable as a war measure, in proof of which the present lamentable condition of the country furnishes ample testimony. It gives no evidence at all in favor of a practical turn of mind.

The general has admirable tact and shrewdness in keeping himself upon the political coach in the midst of the greatest stir and dust; but his claims to possessing practical statesmanship would be amusing if it were not for the sad verity that they have already cost the country so dearly.

Very respectfully,

J. W. PHELPS.

BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT, October 17, 1868.

MR. WENDELL PHILLIPS'S LATEST STORY ABOUT GRANT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Wendell Phillips spoke last evening before a large audience at Tremont Temple, on the temperance question, and in the course of his remarks alluded to General Grant. The mention of the name brought down the house at once, showing, as might have been supposed, that the audience was wholly Republican in sympathy. Mr. Phillips then spoke of the "well-known fact" that Gen. Grant had promised his friends that hereafter he would keep sober. He next drew a fine picture of the momentous issues of the present political contest, and of the vast responsibility resting upon our standard-bearer, and then passed to the sad spectacle which the country presented in being obliged to risk all upon the ability of one man to keep his promise not to get drunk. Now, personally, I care nothing for the tales about the habits of Gen. Grant, but I should like the temperance wing of the Republican party, in this and other States, to know whether, in the opinion of the *Nation*, this latest story of Mr. Phillips has a better foundation than others of a similar character. Has Grant promised to keep sober?

BOSTON.

OCTOBER 17, 1868.

[We ourselves entirely disbelieve the story. We will print any proof of so severe a charge that Mr. Phillips may see fit to offer.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

THE Boston *Transcript*—getting its facts, we presume, from Messrs. Roberts Brothers—says that "Auerbach, the novelist, was first introduced to American readers many years ago by a Boston publisher, and since then three other works by him have been issued here," and further, that "he is indebted almost entirely for his present popularity in this country to the sagacity and enterprise of his Boston publishers." To these statements we are requested by Messrs. Roberts Brothers to call attention.—We may say here that "the State of Maine has issued a report entitled 'The Water-Power of Maine,' in which detailed information is given respecting the location, characteristics, improvements, ownership, and other features of a considerable proportion of over two thousand different water powers." It is a surprising statement of the natural wealth of Maine in this particular, and is worth a moment of anybody's attention. The manufacturers and other employers of mechanical power will, we should suppose, find it of value as well as of interest. Mr. Walter Wells, of Portland, the State Superintendent of Hydrographic Publication, will send a copy of the report, gratis, to any applicant for it.

—Mr. Chisholm Anstey has recently written a pamphlet which ought to be of some considerable interest to our legislators and judicial officers in California. We believe some of the ridiculous practices in the matter of administering oaths to heathens which Mr. Anstey reprobates are matched by practices which obtain on the Pacific Coast. We hear that when China men are to give testimony in a San Francisco court a chicken is brought in and killed by decapitation. Then, while the blood flows, the intending witnesses, with outward solemnity, imprecate on their souls a like painful death if they should commit perjury—which they almost invariably do as soon as they can get into the witness-box. Mr. Anstey asserts, and we are disposed to believe him fully, that the ceremony of breaking a saucer and telling the witness that if he swears falsely his soul will be broken in the same way—a proposition to which he freely gives his assent—is as idiotic a proceeding in the eyes of a Chinaman as it ought to be in the eyes of a Western Barbarian. So of the custom of burning "paper of imprecation"—a legal form which, according to Mr. Anstey, causes the Chinaman to laugh. The fact of the matter is, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* points out, the heathen's god is, as a rule, entirely indifferent to perjury unless his worshipper in committing it violates some arbitrary formula (and we in the West neither know this arbitrary formula nor the methods by which it may be deprived of meaning by an expert). Just so, we see that the lower class of Irishmen apparently conceive of the Almighty as indifferent, or nearly so, if they when swearing can kiss their thumbs instead of "the book." It is true, too, as Mr. Anstey says, that in addition to this it must be borne in mind that most heathens take a pecu-

liar pleasure in outwitting and overreaching Europeans, and evading their laws. This explanation is, we suppose, the obvious one; they match, as they are generally compelled to, fraud against force. All the charms ought to be left alone, Mr. Anstey thinks, and the only method adopted in the effort to secure honest evidence from these people should be that of a certain and severe punishment of the perjurors by human justice. And if in the case of these heathens the experiment would be a good one, how much worse a one would it be if tried in the case of Christians? Every one knows that the amount of false swearing in our courts is frightful, and there is grave doubt if the compelling power of the oath, and the fear of a supernatural punishment for perjury, are not less efficacious in promoting truth-telling than they are indirectly favorable to false swearing. On the mass of witnesses the oath seems to have little or no effect of any kind.

—That quality in Englishmen of the upper classes which does so much to endear them to Americans and to their colonial dependents—their supercilious, contented ignorance of all matters and things American or provincial, has recently been excellently exhibited by Lord Robert Montagu, who is the Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education, which is as much as to say that he is the British Minister of Public Instruction. He was making a speech at a political meeting the other day, and in the course of his remarks spoke of some statement made by the British consul "at Buffalo, in Canada." What the British Government have for a consul to do in Canada his lordship did not say. In view of Lord Montagu's office there would seem good enough reason for saying what we have heard said, that ignorance of the United States is really part of an Englishman's education. Nearly as many ludicrous stories might be told of very recent displays of this ignorance as were ever told of former generations of English. Their attention will, however, it is likely, be turned this way more hereafter than it has been hitherto.

—The Tuscan actor, Tommaso Salvini, whom we recently mentioned as being a great artist, has just achieved a success of the most decided kind in a new drama, entitled "Milton." It seems, to judge of it by a synopsis, to be a work of considerable merit. The scene of the play is laid in the last days of the Commonwealth, and the first of Charles the Second; but the author, the Chevalier Gatinelli, has not hesitated to bring within this space the principal incidents of Milton's whole life, both political and domestic—to say nothing of some other incidents. The first act sets forth the unhappiness of the relations between the poet and his first wife, Mary Powell. This lady is represented as having contracted an imprudent intimacy with one Henri De Saumaese, an intriguer in behalf of the king, who finds favor in Mrs. Milton's eyes because he is gay and handsome, and because he is a partisan of the cause to which she and her family are attached. The government informs Milton that a royalist plot has some of its ramifications under his own roof, and it is then that he learns of the possible disloyalty of his wife. There is a terrible outburst of grief and wrath, in the course of which the wife is driven from the house. Gatinelli deepens the moral gloom that gathers about Milton by introducing here his physical blindness, which, having for some time been increasing, now settles down on him in full obscurity. At the end of the act there is some lofty declamation by the afflicted poet on the need of elevating woman by educating her according to higher standards. The second act shows us Milton and his two daughters, with one of whom, Deborah, Arthur Monk, the son of General Monk, is in love. The general and his son have a violent altercation, for the young man will not obey his father—already meditating his subsequent treachery—but insists on remaining true to the cause of the Commonwealth, and Deborah Milton. In this act we have more declamatory poetry from Milton, who, in a highly eloquent soliloquy, utters his aspirations for the welfare of the race—a welfare which is to be the daughter of Liberty. He is made to prophesy a united Italy rejoicing in the overthrow of priestly tyranny; a regenerated Spain; a Germany emancipated from subserviency to the Hapsburgs; and the spread everywhere of the principles of English freedom. This act closes with the poet's being awakened from his dream by the return of King Charles, amid the booming of cannon and universal rejoicing. The most spirited scene in the act is one between Milton and Monk. In the third act Milton is visited by Charles, who is represented as a great admirer of the "Paradise Lost." The king offers the poet a thousand pounds on the nail for the copyright of the epic. But the five-pound agreement with Simmons has just been signed. After much talk, literary and political, the feigned bookseller takes his leave. Milton then recites to himself the passage from the "Paradise Lost" which relates the reconciliation between Adam and Eve, and the recitation is accompanied upon the harp by one of Milton's daughters—as he sup-

poses. It is, however, his wife; she has always, since her expulsion, been in the habit of visiting her children by stealth. As the poet repeats the verses she becomes too much affected to continue playing, and finally falls at his feet and is forgiven. Just at this moment an officer enters with a warrant for the poet's arrest; but the king appears, *deus ex machina*, and the play ends with a brief dialogue between Charles and Milton, the latter telling the king—when he offers riches and honors on condition of Milton's writing the crown into popularity—that popularity can be secured if the wearer of the crown will do justice and love mercy. To the king's final question of when and where his proud spirit expects advancement, Milton replies, "After death," and the curtain falls.

—An Italian drama of a very different kind—of the general kind which the degraded Italian stage is pretty much given up to, but of a special kind almost singular—is a new play called "The Messiah." As the title indicates, the principal character is the Saviour. The first act opens with a scene between Pontius Pilate and Mary Magdalen, who are privately at supper together, and whose relations with each other are supposed to be the same as our American poet Mr. Laughton Osborn makes Mary's relations with Judas Iscariot to have been. The conversation is interrupted by the entrance of a Scribe or Pharisee, who denounces Christ as a revolutionary agitator, and demands that the governor shall have him arrested. Mary Magdalen, to the decided surprise of Pontius Pilate, warmly defends the accused. So ends the first act. The second act is a string of bombastic, stupid tirades on the rights of man, liberty, equality, fraternity, and all the rest of it, put into the mouth of Christ. What is in the third act we are not informed. The performance was too disgusting, and the audience made short work of it. It is possible that we may be less religious in this century than they were in the "ages of faith"—though people who try to prove the fact seem to succeed rather poorly; and it may be that it is only our taste that makes the old time way of handling sacred things seem shocking, and that our religious feelings are not in the least offended. But at any rate we shall all agree to rejoice that this play was "damned." Not even our Ritualists, we imagine, would undertake to revive in our day the "mysteries" of the unscientific mediæval times.

—The English announcements of new books are very numerous despite the doubt that is understood to overshadow the immediate future of the trade in Britain, but doubtless we shall wait a good while for some of the works whose titles are now published in such profusion. Messrs. George Routledge & Sons have, we see, succeeded in securing Mr. Longfellow, and were to have published his "New England Tragedies" on the 10th of the month. It is said that Mr. Longfellow is very well pleased with the terms offered him. With their branch house in this country it seems as if Messrs. Routledge & Sons—the law of copyright in England having become what it is—might profitably put themselves in communication with a judicious selection of our American authors. Messrs. F. Warne & Co. have republished in two very cheap volumes (three-and-sixpenny), the whole of the original twenty volumes of the famous "Percy Anecdotes." Mr. John Timbs makes a preface. Another republication is a new volume of the set of Early English Reprints now publishing by Alexander Murray & Son. It contains John Lyly's "Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit," and "Euphues and his England." Mr. J. Russel Smith will also add to the number of old books in new dresses. The next work in his "Library of Old Authors" will be "The Diaries and Remains of Thomas Hearne," the literary antiquarian. He will also publish a new edition of Massinger's Plays; a new edition of Brande's "Antiquities"; and, better yet, an edition of George Chapman's "Poems and Dramatic Works," never before collected. Lovers of proverbs will be glad to hear that Mr. Alexander Hislop has added to the not discouragingly great number of volumes which belong to this interesting branch of literature a volume without which no collection will be complete. It is "A Collection of Scottish Proverbs," from which we will quote only this one, which is fully as Scotch as proverbial: "Put your hand twice to your banister to aise to your pouch." Of works hitherto incomplete we are to have this fall the third and last volume of Bunsen's "God in History," the third and fourth volumes of Mr. James Spedding's "Life and Letters of Lord Bacon," the final volume of Professor Owen's "Comparative Anatomy and Physiology of the Vertebrate Animals," and the fifth of the eight volumes of Dr. Newman's "Plain and Parochial Sermons," which, as was expected, are going to have very great success. We see that among the poets Mr. MacDonald ("Disciple") and George Eliot both go into a second edition, and that Mr. Morris has reached a third. Swinburne's "Queen Mother and Rosamond" is also in its second edition.

—The lately received French works that we notice in Mr. Christern's monthly bulletin begin with one with the rather alarming title of "Mo-

ments *Perdus de Pierre-Jean*," being observations, reflections, objections, thoughts, and reveries by that gentleman, all of which are admitted and declared to be anti-political, anti-philosophical, anti-metaphysical, anti-moral—anti-everything-that-anybody-believes. M. C. Issaurat is the author of this work, which is doubtless leonine in skin only. The Reverend Father Kleutgen is the author of a work which some of M. Issaurat's adjectives would, we dare say, describe not so very badly. It will be complete in four volumes, and the title is "The Scholastic Philosophy." The Reverend Father Constant Sierp translates it from the German into French, having the author's leave to do so. Adam Moehler's "History of the Church" is translated by the Abbé P. Belch. Under the head of theology, where are ranged the works above-mentioned, we find also Volney's "Ruines," which in this latest edition is prefaced by a sketch of the author and a critical examination of his works by M. Jules Claretie. Among legal works which may very likely have interest for some of our readers we find one by M. Le Barrois d'Orgeval, entitled "Literary Property in France and Abroad," being a statement of the law as it stands, and an account of how it became what it is, followed by the treaties on the subject which have down to this day been concluded between France and the other European states. It will, by-and-by, perhaps, be possible for graduates of Northern law-schools to try their fortunes in Louisiana, and for that and other reasons we mention "The Code Napoleon, by way of Question and Answer"—a method, let us remark, which might be successfully applied to others of our American preparatory law-books than the one or two to which it has already been applied.

—It is very commonly believed that Paris is the "wickedest city" in all Europe. But the lately published report of the Municipal Bureau of Statistics at Vienna, for the period of 1862-65, goes to show that the Austrian capital has a far stronger title to that unenviable distinction than her French sister. The figures embraced in that document reveal a remarkable loss of vital force, with the consequent results of increased vice, impoverishment, and crime. The number of marriages in Vienna has diminished from 5,134 in 1862 to 3,602 in 1865—a decrease of 29 per cent. In the same period there was an increase of 8 per cent. in Paris, of 12 per cent. in London, and of 13 per cent. in Berlin. The number of illegitimate births in Vienna in 1865 was in the fearful ratio of 475 to every 1,000 children born, while in Paris and Berlin it reached only 276 and 163 respectively. The impoverishment of the inhabitants of Vienna is shown by other data. The number of cattle slaughtered for food decreased from 101,443 in 1862 to 98,181 in 1865; the number of depositors in savings-banks was only 89,600 in 1865, against 93,705 in 1862; the average amounts deposited declined in the same time from 105 to 92 florins; and the number of executions for non-payment of taxes increased from 32,781 in 1862 to 68,022 in 1865. This impoverishment was attended by a corresponding increase of crime, from 1,218 in 1859 to 1,932 cases in 1865. The number of suicides increased in the same years 36 per cent., while in London it has decreased 3, and in Paris 35 per cent. The mental retrogression of the Viennese is indicated by the decrease of the number of children attending public schools from 31,345 to 30,307, while evidence of a physical decline is furnished by the fact that of the recruits annually levied in the city only an average of 200 out of every 1,000 are found bodily fit for military service. That the social state of things at Vienna is but a faithful reflection of the condition of Austria at large, is proved by the decrease of nearly 15 per cent. in the number of marriages in the empire during the last fifteen years, and the far greater prevalence of crime than in other countries. In 1865 no less than 5,551 felonious assaults, 788 manslaughters, and 315 murders were committed in Austria, while in Great Britain, with about half the population, only 679 felonious assaults, 259 manslaughters, and 181 murders took place in the same year.

—One of the neatest things in contemporary journalism is a little passage at arms between the Paris *Sidèle* and the Imperial organ, *L'Etendard*. The *Sidèle* had said that the *coup de main* at Cadiz was executed with a precision and decision which did much honor to Admiral Topete. Whereupon *L'Etendard* says: "Thus a military man—a man placed by a regular Government over one of the great forces of the state—can earn the praises of the *Sidèle* for having voluntarily betrayed his duty, falsified his oath, and directed against the Government of his country the arms which were confided to him!" This has a bad look, but the *Sidèle* brazenly puts it out: "Stop, stop! good *Etendard*. You forget where you are, and what application may be made of your words. Stop! in heaven's name! You are talking of things—" All of which may be supposed to give much pleasure to the frivolous Parisian who recalls to mind the Man of December.

DALLAS GALBRAITH.*

THIS new novel of Mrs. Harding Davis is better than her last, which we had occasion to notice a year ago. Certain offensive peculiarities of style which we then attempted to indicate have not, indeed, disappeared, but they are less prominent and various than in "Waiting for the Verdict." The story, the fable, to begin with, is very much more simple and interesting, and is, in fact, very well conducted. A really simple and healthy writer the author of "Dallas Galbraith" never will be; but on careful consideration we think it would be unjust not to admit that in the present work she has turned herself about a little more towards nature and truth, and that she sometimes honors them with a side-glance. In the conception and arrangement of her story, moreover, she displays no inconsiderable energy and skill. She has evidently done her best to make it interesting, and to give her reader, in vulgar parlance, his money's worth. She may probably be congratulated on a success. For ourselves, we shall never consider this lady's novels easy reading; but many persons will doubtless find themselves carried through the book without any great effort of their own. It is this very circumstance, we think—the fact that when a book is the fruit of decided ability it gets a fair hearing and pushes its own fortune—that makes it natural and proper to criticise it freely and impartially. The day of dogmatic criticism is over, and with it the ancient infallibility and tyranny of the critic. No critic lays down the law, because no reader receives the law ready made. The critic is simply a reader like all the others—a reader who prints his impressions. All he claims is, that they are honest; and when they are unfavorable, he esteems it quite as simple a matter that he should publish them as when they are the reverse. Public opinion and public taste are silently distilled from a thousand private affirmations and convictions. No writer pretends that he tells the whole truth; he knows that the whole truth is a synthesis of the great body of small partial truths. But if the whole truth is to be pure and incontrovertible, it is needful that these various contributions to it be thoroughly firm and uncompromising. The critic reminds himself, then, that he must be before all things clear and emphatic. If he has properly mastered his profession, he will care only in a minor degree whether his relation to a particular work is one of praise or of censure. He will care chiefly whether he has detached from such a work any ideas and principles appreciable and available to the cultivated public judgment. By his success in this effort he measures his usefulness, and by his usefulness he measures his self-respect.

These few words merely touch upon a question about which there is a great deal more to be said. We write them here because the book before us is one with regard to which it especially becomes the critic to remember that duty of which we have spoken—the duty of being clear and emphatic. About such novels as Mrs. Davis's it is very easy to talk a great deal of plausible nonsense. Miss Anna E. Dickinson, the famous lecturer—whom we have not heard—has just published a novel, which we have not read. We are, therefore, in no position to qualify Miss Dickinson's work. But Mrs. H. B. Stowe comes promptly to the front, and allows her name to be printed in large characters in the publishers' advertisements as authority for the assertion that Miss Dickinson's novel is "a brave, noble book." This is in no sense the language of criticism. And yet it is made with very little trouble to do duty as criticism—and criticism of weight. Mrs. Stowe and Miss Dickinson probably each regard it as such, and are very far from suspecting that they have done anything unwise—the latter in writing a book which compels the appreciative mind to take refuge in language such as we have quoted as Mrs. Stowe's *dictum*, and the former in yielding to such injurious compulsion. And yet we scarcely find it in our heart to condemn Mrs. Stowe. It is just these vague random utterances and all this counterfeit criticism that make the rational critic the more confident of his own duties.

Mrs. Davis, in her way, is an artist. And yet, as we say, "Dallas Galbraith" is a book about which it is very easy to make talk which is not too valuable, to *divaguer*, as the French say—to leave the straight road and go over to Mrs. Stowe. The attentive reader in these days has become familiar with a number of epithets under cover of which literary weakness and incompetency manage to find it a very merry world. When the best thing that can be said of a novel is that it is brave or noble or honest or earnest, you may be sure that although it may be, as Mrs. Stowe pronounces Miss Dickinson's tale, a very good deed, it is a very bad book. Mrs. Davis's stories are habitually spoken of as "earnest" works, and it is not hard to detect in reading them a constant effort to deserve the epithet. Their pretensions are something very different from

* "Dallas Galbraith. By Mrs. R. Harding Davis." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1868.

those of the simple novel of entertainment, of character, and of incident. The writer takes life desperately hard and looks upon the world with a sentimental—we may even say, a tearful—eye. The other novel—the objective novel, as we may call it, for convenience—appeals to the reader's sense of beauty, his idea of form and proportion, his humanity, in the broadest sense. Mrs. Davis's tales and those of her school appeal, we may say—to the conscience, to the sense of right and wrong, to the instincts of charity and patronage. She aims at instructing us, purifying us, stirring up our pity. Writers of the other school content themselves with exciting our curiosity. A good distinction to make, we should say, is that with the latter the emotion of sympathy is the chief agent, and with the former the feeling of pity. We do not propose to enquire which is the higher school of the two. It is certain that the novelist who pretends to edify and instruct must be gifted with extraordinary powers, and that to carry out his character successfully he must have a stronger head than the world has yet seen exercised in this department of literature. There have been no great didactic novelists. Richardson, whom the world is now coming back to after a long desertion, is valued as the great inventor and supreme master of "realism," but his moralism hangs about him as a dead weight. The same may be said—the same assuredly will be said more and more every year—of Thackeray's trivial and shallow system of sermonizing. As a story-teller he is well-nigh everything—as a preacher and teacher he is nothing. On the other hand, the great "objective" novelists, from Scott to Trollope, are almost innumerable. It is our impression that Mrs. Davis might, by taking herself in hand, make a very much better figure in this company than she has heretofore done in the other.

Dallas Galbraith is the son of a reckless and dissipated father who has quarrelled with his family and turned his back on a rich inheritance. He dies early and leaves his wife and child penniless. The former marries again in such a way as to make it advisable for her boy to go out into the world. In the course of his youthful adventures Dallas encounters a certain George Laddoun, a plausible villain, who makes use of him in the committal of a forgery, and then subsequently establishes himself as a country physician in a fishing village on the New Jersey coast, with the boy as his assistant. Here finally the two are discovered by the searching eye of the law. Laddoun, however, has arranged matters in such a way as that Dallas shall incur the whole of the guilt (whereas, in fact, he is completely innocent), and, being on the eve of marriage with a young girl of whom Dallas himself is very fond, he persuades him for her sake not to betray him and blast his character. Dallas then, at the age of sixteen, consents out of pure generosity to suffer for the crime of another. He is sent for five years to the Albany Penitentiary, and we are meanwhile introduced to his father's family. The Galbraiths are great people in Western Ohio, and consist of Madam Galbraith, the head of the house (the hero's grandmother), her husband and her niece, Honora Dundas, who, in the absence of the rightful heir, is presumptive mistress of the property. The young woman to whom Laddoun was engaged, suspecting his guilt and cruelty, has dismissed him, and occupies a situation as housekeeper in the Galbraith establishment. When the young man's term is out, he reappears in the world and makes his way to his father's home. Here, without naming himself, but as a plain working mineralogist, he falls in love with Miss Dundas. Here, too, he meets his mother, who, a second time a widow, has returned to live with her mother-in-law. But in spite of these strong inducements he maintains his incognito and accepts an appointment on a geological survey of New Mexico. His motives for this line of action are his shame, his ignorance, his coarseness, the great gulf that separates him from his elegant and prosperous relatives. And yet they are not so elegant either; for this same Madam Galbraith aforesaid is, without offence to the author, simply a monster. Dallas remains a year in New Mexico and comes home just in time to witness a prodigious reversal of fortune in the family, caused by the combustion of a village built by Madam Galbraith for the purpose of working certain oil-wells. He is of great service in mitigating this catastrophe, and finally makes up his mind to reveal himself. He marries Honora. But on his wedding-night his evil destiny reappears in the person of Laddoun, who denounces him to the assembled family as an ex-convict. Laddoun dies of his bad habits, and Dallas establishes his innocence.

Such is a rapid outline of a story which is told with a good deal of amplitude of detail and considerable energy of invention. But whatever interest attaches to it as the recital of certain events, we feel bound to say that this interest is wholly independent of the characters. These characters seem to us, one and all, essentially false. The hero himself is a perfectly illogical conception. He is too unreal to take hold of; but if he were more palpable, and, as it were, responsible, we should call him a vapid

sentimentalist. He is worse than a woman's man—a woman's boy. Active and passive, he is equally unnatural, irrational, and factitious. He is built, to begin with, on an impossibility. Dallas Galbraith would never in the world have sacrificed himself at the outset to the reputation of Laddoun. All his young nature would have burned in a fever of resentment against the rascal who had already compromised his weakness and innocence. He would have clung to the letter proving his innocence with a most unheroic but most manly tenacity. His subsequent conduct has in it as little of the real savory stuff of nature. He conducts himself on his return among his people, like—like nothing in trousers. If we can conceive of his having immured himself, we can conceive of it only on condition of the deed having been followed by the bitterest and most violent reaction. A young fellow who had done as Dallas did would feel that he had done his duty, once for all, to the magnanimous and the superfine. His mind would be possessed by a resolute desire for justice. Having exposed himself to so cruel a wrong, he would entertain an admirable notion of his rights; and instead of hovering about his paternal home like a hysterical school-girl, moaning over his coarseness and inelegance, he would have walked straight into the midst of it, with a very plain statement of his position and his wishes. George Laddoun, the villain of the tale, is scarcely a more successful portrait. The author has confused two distinct types of character, and she seems never quite to have made up her mind whether this person is a native gentleman, demoralized by vice and whiskey, or a blackguard, polished and elevated by prosperity. Laddoun, however, is better than Madam Galbraith. Where the author looked for the original of this sketch we know not; she has only succeeded in producing a coarse caricature. Madam Galbraith is a grand old grey-headed matron, who governs her acres and her tenants in the manner of an ancient feudal countess. She is compared at various times to a mastiff and a lioness; she sniffs and snorts and clears her throat when she wishes to express her emotions; she dresses in "clinging purple velvet," to show "the grand poise and attitude of her limbs;" and, in fine, she "leads society." The author has, of course, had in her mind an ideal model for this remarkable figure; but she has executed her copy with a singular indelicacy of taste and of touch. A self-willed, coarse-grained, rugged, and yet generous old woman was what she wanted for her story, but her manner of writing is so extravagant, so immoderate, so unappreciative of the sober truth, that she succeeds only in producing a vulgar effigy. In Mrs. Duffield, Galbraith's mother, she has adhered more closely to the truth. Nature here is represented and not travestied. In spite of the faults of conception and of style exhibited in these characters, we think that Mrs. Harding Davis might yet, with proper reflection, write a much better novel than the one before us. She has a natural perception, evidently, of the dramatic and picturesque elements of human life, and, in spite of all her weakness, there is no denying her strength. "Dallas Galbraith," as we have intimated, is *almost* interesting. What does it need to be truly so? The materials, the subject are there. It needs that the author should abjure her ultra-sentimentalism, her moralism on a narrow basis, her hankering after the discovery of a ghastly moral contortion in every natural impulse. Quite as much as she, we believe that life is a very serious business. But it is because it is essentially and inalienably serious that we believe it can afford not to be tricked out in the fantastic trappings of a spurious and repulsive solemnity. Art, too, is a very serious business. We have in our mind a word of counsel for the various clever writers of Mrs. Davis's school. That they should assiduously study and observe the world is an injunction which they will, of course, anticipate. But we can recommend them no more salutary or truly instructive process of research than to sit down to a thorough perusal of the novels and romances of M. Alexandre Dumas. In him they will find their antipodes—and their model. We say their model, because we believe they have enough intellectual resistance to hold their own against him, when their own is worth holding, and that when it is not, he, from the munificence of his genius, will substitute for it an impression of the manner in which a story may be told without being a discredit to what is agreeable in art, and various and natural in life.

THE NEW ENGLAND TRAGEDIES.*

THESE poems, Mr. Longfellow's only work since the appearance of his "Dante," would seem to justify—they certainly have suggested to us—the conclusion that he has been led to emulate the austere directness of the Italian, and has, therefore, consciously laid aside his own natural manner. "John Endicott" and "Giles Corey," in their almost bald simplicity,

* "The New England Tragedies. By H. W. Longfellow." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1859.

are as different as anything well can be from all the other original works of their author, and the regular reader of Longfellow who should take them up with any expectation of renewing the pleasure he has so often got from the superabundance of prettinesses to which the laureate of our American sovereigns has accustomed them, will be astonished at the extent of the disappointment prepared for him. In the not very fortunate prologues, to be sure, the old style is maintained. It is the Longfellow of the "Voices of the Night" and of "Hyperion" who thus addresses his readers, setting out with one of those bits of imagery drawn from literary sources which—as Margaret Fuller, we think, first pointed out—Mr. Longfellow all but inevitably puts between his naked subject and himself:

"To-night we strive to read as we may best
This city, like an ancient palimpsest;
And bring to light upon the blotted page,
The mournful record of an earlier age,
That pale and half-effaced lies hidden away
Beneath the fresher writing of to-day.
Rise, then, O buried city that has been!
Rise up, reborned in the painted scene,
And let our curious eyes behold once more
The pointed gable and the pent-house door,
The meeting-house with leaden-latticed panes,
The narrow thoroughfares, the crooked lanes!
Rise, too, ye shapes and shadows of the past
Rise from your long-forgotten graves at last," etc.

But turning to the tragedies themselves, we have a severity of handling which is altogether new in their author's writings, and of which, as it appears, our author is not a master. His theme is a well-worn one at the best, and perhaps, even with all the powers of pleasing which our charming author has at such easy command, it would have been impossible for him to have made anything very interesting out of the Puritan persecution of the Quakers, or the sufferings of the Salem witches and wizards. These are subjects for the dramatic poet, for tragedy cares nothing how familiar may be the incidents with which she deals; and there is room still for the novelist who, to other qualifications, shall add a faculty of reproducing pictorially the scenes and times of two centuries ago. But whatever success or want of it Mr. Longfellow, as a sentimental narrator of tales in gracefully ornate verse, might have had in retelling the old story, he could not—it was evident beforehand, and is now manifest—succeed either in the dramatist's or the novel-writer's way of dealing with it. He has none of the so-called constructiveness which the dramatist must have, and which the novelist also requires; his skill in reproducing more than the outside of distant times and people and places is of the slightest; he has never conceived a character.

Here in these two plays we have the traditional doctrine of election; the traditional minister of the word who denounces tolerance and frequently says "anathema maranatha"; the traditional grim magistrate, held in worshipful awe by the commonalty, but freely rebuked by the zealous ministers, and, *ex officio*, well read in the more uncomfortable portions of the Scriptures of the Old Testament; the traditional jovial mariner or other outlandish man, who hates Salem Harbor and loathes the Port of Boston, because the freeholders of both those towns are in a state of strait-laced grace which is altogether incompatible with the sufficient drinking of flip or with pipe-smoking on the Sabbath-day; the traditional self-deceiving victim of witchcraft, so-called; the traditional spiteful accusers, and blind and purblind judges, and fanatic Quakers, with every beautiful trait of character.

But none of these persons are presented in any other than the traditional way, and tradition, as it has come to print in school-books, has presented them to us with more rather than less vividness and force than Mr. Longfellow seems to have been able to use. Plot the two plays can hardly be said to have. Indeed, they are not to be called plays except as one speaks of the outward form, there being nobody to be played upon and nobody to play. In the first piece, Governor Endicott, of the encyclopaedia, condemns a young and lovely Quakeress, of the school-histories and novels, to be whipped in three towns within his jurisdiction, and her father to be put to death. They had felt compelled, it seems, to come from Barbadoes to bear witness against the errors of the Puritans of New England; to say nothing of the fact that, without reference to their personal feelings, the magistrates of Barbadoes had driven them out of that colony. Governor Endicott's son, John, falls in love with the Quakeress, Edith Christison, quarrels with his father on account of her and her kin, and is fined. King Charles the Second's proclamation forbidding religious bloodshed comes to Boston in time to save Christison and partly save his daughter, and the tragedy ends with Governor Endicott's sudden and unaccountable death—"like one who has been hanged," as he used to hang too obstinate Quakers.

"Giles Corey, of the Salem Farms" is better than "John Endicott," whether as a drama for the stage or as a poem. There is some "go" in it as well as some motive. It opens with a speech delivered by "Tituba, an

Indian woman"—who, by the way, talks of "Obi" as if she were a negress—who reminds one of that sort of Elizabethan witch which is descended from the classical, and who is far from conjuring up a lively idea of what the aboriginal New England witch might have been:

"Here's monk's-hood, that breeds fever in the blood;
And deadly nightshade, that makes men see ghosts;
And henbane, that will shake them with convulsions;
And meadow-saffron and black hellebore,
That rack the nerves, and puff the skin with dropsey:
And bitter-sweet, and briony, and eye-bright,
That cause eruptions, nosebleed, rheumatisms;
I know them, and the places where they hide
In field and meadow; and I know their secrets,
And gather them because they give me power
Over all men and women. Armed with these,
I, Tituba, an Indian and a slave,
Am stronger than the captain with his sword,
Am richer than the merchant with his money,
Am wiser than the scholar with his books,
Mightier than ministers and magistrates,
With all the fear and reverence that attend them!
For I can fill their bones with aches and pains,
Can make them cough with asthma, shake with palsy,
Can make their daughters see and talk with ghosts,
Or fall into delirium and convulsions.
I have the Evil Eye, the Evil Hand;
A touch from me, and they are weak with pain,
A look from me, and they consume and die.
The death of cattle and the blight of corn,
The shipwreck, the tornado, and the fire—
These are my doings, and they know it not.
Thus I work vengeance on mine enemies,
Who, while they call me slave, are slaves to me!"

This is a witch out of a book; she has as slight an infusion of the Salem witch in her as of the copper-colored medicine-man, though if she were real, one or the other, or both, and more probably both, those two ingredients would have made up the whole Tituba. But as the poem goes on it becomes more lifelike. Giles Corey's sullen and wicked servant-man, who has private reasons for hating the farmer and his wife, turns the prevailing witchcraft frenzy against his master and mistress. To be sure he accomplishes his purpose with as much ease as if he had been a personage in a melodrama written by a child; but still he has an available dramatic reason for doing what he does. Giles's wife, Mary—a sensible, good, courageous woman, whose somewhat anachronistic contempt for the prevalent delusion helps her to her condemnation on the trial—is sentenced to death for causes tragically small, and her husband dies under the *peine forte et dure* because he refuses to testify against her. There are no characters in these two poems which we owe to Mr. Longfellow's invention. Indeed, to say the truth, there is almost none already invented which he has brought before his reader's eye more vividly than it had been often brought before. Simon Kempthorn, captain of the *Swallow*—a bird of the sea, prophetic of spring, which brought Edith Christison to Boston—constitutes an exception to this remark. The poet's one success in this volume is in the portraiture of this breezy old sailor, who swears quite enough, and drinks, perhaps, a little too much, and is utterly disgusted by the stringency of the various prohibitory laws—now no more—which afflict the citizen of the world in Boston.

There is another success than the poet's of which Mr. Longfellow never fails. His beautiful kind-heartedness and sweetness are as delightful in these pleas for charity of judgment and for love to one another as in anything that he has ever written.

MODERN WOMEN.*

THIS volume consists of a series of papers published during the last two or three years in the London *Saturday Review*, treating of various points connected with the characteristics and manners of the fairer and weaker sex. They belong to that branch of literature which has come to be known among us as the "social article." The *Saturday Review* has had the credit of having shown us how good the social article can be; but it seems also to have been disposed to show us how bad. Singly, as they came out, these pieces may have appeared to possess a certain brilliancy and vigor, and, at a stretch, one can imagine them to have furnished a group of idle people, of unformed taste, a theme for ten minutes' talk. But it is as incredible that, as we are told, they should have produced a sensation then as it is that they should produce a revolution now. The authorship of the papers we have no means of knowing. We gather from intrinsic evidence that they are the product of several hands—in one of which, at least, we certainly detect the feminine *griffe*. But if they differ somewhat in tone, they differ imperceptibly in merit. They are all equally trivial, commonplace, and vulgar. The vulgarity of thought, indeed, which they display, the absence of reflection, observation, and feeling, of substance, of style, and of grace, and the manner in which the thinnest and crudest liter-

* "Modern Women, and What is Said of Them." A Reprint of a Series of Articles in the *Saturday Review*. New York: J. R. Redfield. 1868.

ary flippancy and colloquial slanginess are thrust forward in the place of these sacred essentials, is, when one considers their pretensions, the character of their subject, and the superior auspices under which they were ushered into the world, an almost inconceivable spectacle. As we read the volume, modern women—heaven save the mark!—passed quite out of our thoughts, and our attention transferred itself to modern scribblers. The great newspaper movement of the present moment has, we suppose, its proper and logical cause, and is destined to have its proper and logical effect; but its virtues need to be manifold, assuredly, to palliate the baseness and flimsiness of much of the writing to which daily and weekly journals serve as sponsors. But for their protecting shadow, persons ignorant of the very alphabet of style and of thought would not erect themselves as public monitors and teachers. But for the beautiful accessibility of their columns, how many beggarly hosts of intellectual jugglers and charlatans would not have thrust themselves into the great thoroughfare of honest thought, to the infinite annoyance of retarded and distracted enquirers. The world is great and is constantly growing greater; its shoulders are broad; it has an immense patience and a prodigious organ of digestion and disintegration. It is easily infatuated, but it is also profoundly indifferent. We suppose, therefore, that it will continue to endure without perceptible injury this immense pressure of unleavened literary matter. But we, nevertheless, recommend the producers and furnishers to be on their guard, and to listen once in a while to the rumblings of Etna.

The papers before us read like the result of an arrangement made, alike without conscience and without taste, by three or four sapient connoisseurs to "run" the flagellation of their female contemporaries as far as it would go. It has gone as far as "The Girl of the Period," for this paper, which is placed first in the American reprint, is one of the later in the original series. The American reader will be struck by the remoteness and strangeness of the writer's tone and allusions. He will see that the society which makes these papers even hypothetically—hyperbolically—possible is quite another society from that of New York and Boston. American life, whatever may be said, is still a far simpler process than the domestic system of England. We never read a good English novel (and much more a bad one), we never read either Mr. Trollope or Mr. Trollope's inferiors, without drawing a long breath of relief at the thought of all that we are spared, and without thanking fortune that we are not part and parcel of that dark, dense British social fabric. An American is born into a so much simpler world; he inherits so many less obligations, conventions, and responsibilities. And so with the American girl. You have only to reflect how her existence, in comparison with that of her British sister, is simplified at a stroke by the suppression in this country of that distinguished being the "eldest son," of that romantic class the "younger sons." Another cause of greater complexity in life for Englishmen and English girls alike is their immediate proximity to that many-colored Continent, of which we, in comparison, have the means to learn so little. And this brings us back to the "Girl of the Period." This young lady, we are assured, is, in England, an exact reproduction, in appearance and manners, of a Parisian *cocotte*—or whatever the latest term may be. If this is not true, it is at least slightly plausible. Irregular society, in France, has become so extensive and aggressive that he who runs—and she who walks—may easily read its minutest features. An English girl who makes with her parents a regular autumnal trip to the Continent encounters face to face, in all the great cities, at all the chief watering-places, the celebrities—and indeed the obscurities—of the *demi-monde*. The theory of the Saturday Reviewer is that familiarity breeds not contempt, but emulation. Whatever may be the worth of his theory, his description of the young lady thus demoralized is decidedly vigorous. She is a painted, powdered, "enamelled" creature, stained with belladonna and antimony, crowned with a shock of false hair, wearing her walking-dress indecently high and her evening dress abominably low. She has no manners and no feelings, and only brains enough to ensnare a rich husband. She frankly sells herself; she marries for money, without a semblance of sentiment or romance. The relation of the Girl of the Period to marriage forms, under one aspect or another, the subject of the greater number of the ensuing articles. We find it reiterated, of course, with emphasis, that to marry, and to marry well, is the one great object of young girls' energies and desires. According as a girl marries or not, life is a prize or a blank. Innumerable arts, therefore, are practised both by the young ladies and their mothers, cunning machinations are devised, in the interest of this sacred need. It is all a very old story, and English novels have long since made us acquainted with it: how a match-making matron fixes her cold, magnetic eye upon the unsuspecting possessor of a comfortable income—how, with her daughter's aid and the insidious help of picnics and croquet and musical parties, she

weaves about him the undiscoverable web of a presumptive engagement, and finally leads him, muddled, confused, and bullied, to the altar. The various tricks of the marriage-market are enumerated with a bold, unpitying crudity. It is a very dismal truth that the only hope of most women, at the present moment, for a life worth the living, lies in marriage, and marriage with rich men or men likely to become so, and that in their unhappy weakness they often betray an ungraceful anxiety on this point. But to our minds there is nothing comical in the situation, and as a field for satirical novelists it has ceased to be actively worked. The attempt to draw an idle smile at the expense of poor girls apprehensive of spinsterhood is, therefore, not a very creditable one. On all other points women receive here equally hard measure. Some of the accusations touch, doubtless, upon real foibles and follies, but others seem to us thoroughly beside the mark. The article on "Pinchbeck," for instance, shows an absolute want of observation of facts. The writer's allegation is that women are given over body and soul to the adoration of sham finery, sham comfort, and sham elegance, and that, thanks to their insatiable longing for glitter and splendor where only false glitter and splendor are within their reach, our whole domestic economy is pervaded by a horrible system of Brummagem-ware. "If they cannot buy gold, they can manage pinchbeck; glass that looks like jet, like filagree-work, like anything else she fancies, is every bit to her as good as the real thing; and if she cannot compass Valenciennes and Mechlin, she can go to Nottingham and buy machine-made imitations that will make quite as fine a show. . . . Flimsy silks make as rich a rustle to her ear as the stateliest brocade, and cotton velvet delights the soul that cannot aspire to Genoa." The falseness of all this is apparent to the most superficial observer. Sham finery is of all things in the world the most abhorrent to women at all in regular "society"—and it is throughout of such women that our writers speak. Quantities of false ornaments—beads, buckles, pins, and the like—are nowadays manufactured for fashionable wear; and they are worn in profusion and variety, as being avowedly and notoriously false. But we could hardly name three objects of livelier contempt to women of ordinary intelligence than "mean" silk, cotton velvet, and imitation lace. The real accusation is that when a woman with a taste for dress desires a handsome silk and cannot afford it, she buys it, notwithstanding. The real ground of complaint is the insolence of splendor of women of small means. Another grievous fault, we are told, is women's mania, "Interference." In the picture drawn in the article with this title of the impertinent and aggressive attitude of the average British spouse, we quite fail to recognize the far-famed humility of that exemplary person. Its tone is so obviously ill-humored, and the quality and process of its censure so crude and brutal, that we accept it only with very many grains of allowance. And then there are "Feminine Affections"—a dreadful and odious list; and the flimsiness and trashiness of "Esthetic Women"; and the cold-blooded profligacy of "Modern Mothers"; and again, the indecency of the costume of the day; and the pitiable condition of "The Fading Flower;" and the odious pretensions of "La Femme Passée."

What do you see when on a clear autumn day you measure the length of the Fifth Avenue, or ascend the sunny slope of Beacon Street? Do you encounter a train of youthful Jezebels with plastered faces and lascivious eyes and a general *dévergondage* of mien? You meet a large number of very pretty and, on the whole, very fresh-looking girls, dressed in various degrees of the prevailing fashion. It is obvious that their persons betray a very lively desire to be well dressed, and that the idea "well dressed" has, to their minds, a peculiar significance. It has a sacred and absolute meaning. Their bonnets must be very small, their panniers very large, their heels very high, and all their appointments as elegant as possible. A young girl of fashion dressed to suit her own taste is undeniably a very artificial and composite creature, and doubtless not an especially edifying spectacle. She has largely compromised her natural freedom of movement. The most that you can say of her is that she is charming, with a *quasi*-corrupt arbitrary charm. She has, moreover, great composure and impenetrability of aspect. She practises a sort of half-cynical indifference to the beholder (we speak of the extreme cases). Accustomed to walk alone in the streets of a great city, and to be looked at by all sorts of people, she has acquired an unshinking directness of gaze. She is the least bit *hard*. If she is more than this—if she is painted and touzled and wantonly *chiffonnée*—she is simply an exception, and the sisterhood of "modern women" are in no way responsible for her. She would have been the same in the good old times of our great-grandmothers. The faults and follies that can be really fastened upon the younger women of the present day are, in our opinion, all caused and explained by the growing love of luxury and elegance. The standard in these matters is so much higher

than it was thirty and forty years ago that a young girl—even when she has money—needs a great deal more time to maintain herself at the proper level. She has frequently no time left for anything else—for study, for reflection, or sentiment. She is absorbed in the care of her person. A young girl given up to dress is certainly a very flimsy and empty creature, and there is something truly ignoble in the incessant effort to gratify and stimulate the idle taste of a host of possible "admirers." But between this sort of thing and the sort of thing described by the Saturday Reviewers there is a very wide gulf—a gulf made by that strong conservative element in the feminine nature of which the writer in question seems to have so little notion. Women turn themselves into painted courtesans for two reasons—as a means of gaining a subsistence which is impracticable in any other way or because they have a natural taste for the business. The first motive is common, and the second is rare; so rare that where the first does not exist, the *rapprochement* of the Saturday Reviewer is a wanton exaggeration in the interest of sensationalism. The whole indictment represented by this volume seems to us perfectly irrational. It is impossible to discuss and condemn the follies of "modern women" apart from those of modern men. They are all part and parcel of the follies of modern civilization, which is working itself out through innumerable blunders. It seems to us supremely absurd to stand up in the high places and endeavor, with a long lash and a good deal of bad language, to drive women back into the ancient fold. Their extravagance is a part of their increased freedom, and their increased freedom a part of the growth of society. The lamentable results—the extremely uncomfortable "wreck" society would be sure to incur from an attempt to fasten again upon womankind the tether which was sufficient unto the aspirations of Miss Hannah More and Miss Edgeworth, the authors of these papers would be the first to denounce. We are all of us extravagant, superficial, and luxurious together. It is a "sign of the times." Women share in the fault not as women, but as simple human beings. As women, they strike us as still remarkably patient, submissive, sympathetic—remarkably well-disposed to model themselves on the judgment and wishes of men. They reflect with great clearness the state of the heart and imagination of men. When they present an ugly picture, therefore, we think it the part of wisdom for men to cast a glance at their own internal economy. If there is any truth in the volume before us, they have a vast deal to answer for. They give the *ton*—they pitch the key.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW FOR OCTOBER.

Two Englishmen, Mr. Leslie Stephen and Mr. R. D. Osborn, an Indian officer, do the best writing in this number of the *North American*, which, by the way, is neither so large nor so good as usual. Mr. Osborn's account of the siege of Delhi is very graphic and interesting. It was well enough known before how it is that the English maintain themselves as masters of the millions of India, but it is a vivid flash of light on the subject when we are told of John Nicholson's having been adopted as a god by a new sect of fanatics which arose at his death and which to-day pays divine honors to "Nikkulseyn." Nicholson was an officer of cavalry, and, like hundreds of other English soldiers who have made themselves famous in the annals of Hindostan—or who have gone unknown to the grave—was a prodigy of hardihood, activity, and all the qualities that enable men to fight long and hard—"bodies of iron and souls of fire." He was the reality of which our friend Royston Keene Lawrence is the brummagem. But Royston Keene or Mr. Guy Livingstone would not have written anything with the tone of this:

"Fancy," he writes, "a wretched little Wuzeeree child, who had been put up to poison food, on my asking him if he knew it was wrong to kill people, saying he knew it was wrong to kill with a knife or sword. I asked him why, and he said, 'Because the blood left marks.' And again, in the same letter: 'Before I close this, I must tell you of the last Bunnochee murder, it is so horribly characteristic of the bloodthirstiness and bigotry of their dispositions. The murderer killed his brother near Gurwalla, and was brought in to me on a frightfully hot evening, looking dreadfully parched and exhausted. 'Why,' said I, 'is it possible you have walked in, fasting, on a day like this?' 'Thank God,' said he, 'I am a regular fastet.' 'Why have you killed your brother?' 'I saw a fowl killed last night, and the sight of blood put the devil into me.' He had chopped up his brother, stood a long chase, and been marched in here; but he was keeping the fast."

"In the character of this wild people Nicholson in a very brief time effected wonderful changes. Murder, burglary, and highway robbery became things of the past; and 'the Bunnochees,' writes Sir Herbert Edwards, 'reflecting on their own metamorphosis in the village gatherings under the vines, by the streams they once delighted so to fight for, have come to the conclusion that the good Mohammedans of historic ages must have been just like 'Nikkulseyn.'"

Of these same people as they appeared at the time of the mutiny Mr. Osborn speaks as follows:

"How they fought for us at Delhi and Lucknow, and on a hundred other battle-fields, ought never to be forgotten by Englishmen; and, whether as infantry or cavalry, we feel assured that, under officers they admired and trusted, these gallant soldiers would hold their own against the best disciplined armies of Europe. It was pleasant to see the thorough good understanding which existed between them and the English soldiers, apparently in no way hindered or diminished by their total want of any common language. The English soldier would stroll down to pay a visit to his friend, the Sikh subahdar. The latter, delighted to see him, would at once offer him his stool, sitting himself, meanwhile, on his bed. The subahdar, with all the finished courtesy of a native, would then proceed to enquire after his friend's health in excellent Pushtoo; the other, nothing disconcerted, replies, maybe, in the Yorkshire dialect. The conversation becomes general, and has been known to extend over considerable spaces of time. Unlike the Hindustani, both Sikh and Ghorkha have a strong taste for rum; and the mere fact that they could take their 'grog' like men raised them immeasurably in the estimation of the British soldier."

Mr. Stephen's article—as vigorously written as anything of his which we have seen—is upon "The Political Situation in England," and may be taken as the views and opinions of an enlightened, advanced Liberal—views and opinions which we accept with hardly the least reservation, and which we commend to the attention of all persons who take an interest in the revolution, of world-wide importance, now going on in social and political England. We should say that, perhaps, something ought to have been said about what seems to us the essential egotism of Mr. Gladstone's character; but, after all, it is not Mr. Gladstone who is leading his party so much as it is the party that is leading him, and the thing can be understood without giving too much study to him personally. The following sentences from this clever essay, with their humorous characterization of the Britisher's "native" and "foreigner," are a specimen of happy writing:

"John Bull, it is generally supposed, is a tolerably self-satisfied old gentleman. He has a profound contempt for that large class of two-legged animals which he describes summarily as foreigners or natives: the natives representing the more dark-colored varieties; and the foreigners, those who affect a certain semblance of civilization. And doubtless he possesses a vast fund of self-complacency, which is not the least evident in his moments of self-depreciation. His proverbial phrase, that they manage things better in France, implies a rooted conviction that, however well they manage things, they are Frenchmen for all that. Yet he does depreciate himself at times with surprising vigor and success. For some time past he has been in one of these fits. He has found no names bad enough to throw at some of his pet objects of veneration. As a savage will sometimes thrash his favorite idol for not bringing him luck, John Bull has been heartily belaboring things of which in his ordinary state he is more inclined to brag."

Far enough from being happy writing is Mr. Wasson's screed concerning "The Epic Philosophy." Not that his main idea is not to be accepted. On the contrary, it has long been fully accepted. And in many of the details the work is well done; nobody will, for instance, say no to the author's remarks on the "Iliad"; and, bearing in mind the definition of the epic which the writer insists upon, it is a more than usually good stroke of criticism to speak of the "Faust" as a half-epic or demi-epic. But that repellent, repulsive style which no man who keeps himself decently in hand could consent to write, Mr. Wasson, like many of the less distinguished transcendental writers, luxuriates in offensively. There is a better way than this of saying what Mr. Wasson wants to say in the words following: "Not by dead similitudes, but by the living, flowing fellowship of heart-language do the unlikeness of voiceful nature blend and sympathize in his thought." In fact, there are many better ways of saying it, as any one is well aware who is conversant with the critical commonplaces of the last half-century. It is, indeed, one of the dangers of an habitual practice of this inflated sort of writing, that it is with more than necessary difficulty that one makes sure one is not parading truisms—which remark is itself a truism that ought not to have escaped Mr. Wasson's attention. Still—or rather all the more on account of this fault—we advise the careful perusal of his article, which contains so much better thinking than writing that it is capable of instructing many and will disgust but few—and those few will be much displeased only with some of it.

Mr. George B. Woods is, we think, a new contributor to our more elaborate periodical literature, though he is well known to the world of journalism. His letters from Washington to the *Boston Advertiser* during the impeachment trial were excellent, and much the best of all the correspondence that was then sent out from the capital. His paper on "The New York Convention" is pretty well done, though it appears he has fallen into some errors of fact—as in attributing patriotic and valuable military services to the General McCook who mismanaged the Ohio delegation, and was therefore made to yield the leadership to Mr. Vallandigham. Had General McCook been in the field at all, it is possible that he might have been on the Federal side. His services in civil life were

about as patriotic and valuable as those of Vallandigham himself. We think, too, that much might be said, which would be important to a full understanding of the inner workings of the convention, concerning the machinations of Messrs. Tilden and Green and the other managers of the New York men. Mr. Seymour, we are now inclined to believe, was honest enough, as politicians of his stamp go, in his intention to carry out the bargain with Mr. Chase. Perhaps there are tears in onions nearly as full of real feeling as some, at least, of those that he shed when he had lent himself to the violation of that bargain; but an appreciable part of his grief we take to have been quite sincere. We have not, however, been able to believe that some of Mr. Seymour's old companions in politics ever, from first to last, intended that anybody but he should be the nominee; and it seems to us reasonable to think that but for the plotting of some of our New York manipulators of State politics, Vallandigham's plans, on the success of which he is allowed to felicitate himself, would have turned out as perfectly futile as most of that gentleman's scheming.

Mr. Henry Brooks Adams talks learnedly and, to our mind, sensibly, though we do not wholly follow him, in his review of the tenth edition of Sir Charles Lyell's "Principles of Geology." He shows the unconclusive nature of the results already attained, but perhaps is a little long in doing it—or lengthy, to use a term somewhat more fully expressive. Mr. H. T. Tuckerman is to be trusted, we suppose, in his statements of the facts of D'Azeglio's life; and so, let us hope, is Mr. F. E. Abbot in all that he says of Mr. Herbert Spencer. "Harvard College Library" is the title of an article by Mr. Cutler, one of the assistant librarians in that institution, and, being his, is painstakingly accurate. It is not a pleasant picture that he presents to the graduates of our oldest university, and it will not be long, we imagine, before some of the alumni will be moved to do something to bring about a better state of things. An easy way, and one of some value, would be for each to subscribe for the *Advocate*, which offers to give all its earnings to the library fund. The class secretaries might even take the responsibility of doing so. But the State Legislature, knowing that Massachusetts without Harvard would not be the Massachusetts that she now is, but a Massachusetts that the world would respect far less, might possibly be induced to give something—the gift being made contingent on the raising of a certain sum by the college itself. It is a pity that Mr. Agassiz, with his nice knowledge of the legislative nature, does not—naturally he could not—take as much interest in the growth of the library as in that of the other collections at Cambridge.

The strictly literary part of this number of the quarterly is done by Mr. Henry James, Jr., in his review of George Eliot as a poet, and by the writers of the "Critical Notices." Mr. James's judgment in the matter of "The Spanish Gypsy" appears to us entirely sound. We were reduced to incredulity for comfort when we heard that the author was very much pleased with the reviews of her poem which had, some time since, been published by the English press. They almost all seemed to us rather to show how much the English literary world esteems and likes George Eliot than to display anything like a just appreciation of the performance which the critics had in hand. We ourselves imagine that her second thought will be to forswear henceforth the writing of verses.

The shorter critical notices are, without exception, good; though we should say—if it is not impertinent to give his name where he has not given it—that Mr. Lowell did well to keep to general disquisition in the case of Mr. J. J. Piatt's poems rather than to dwell long upon the poems themselves. It is fortunate, too, that antiquarians have several ways of proving their usefulness to mankind at large; the Popham controversy troubles few souls except by its existence.

Mildred: A Novel. By Georgiana M. Craik, author of "Leslie Tyrell," "Faith Unwin's Ordeal," etc. (New York: Harper & Brothers. 1868).—As novels go, "Mildred" is a good novel—although it is far enough from being so in any sense in which one would speak of "The Newcomes" or "The Mill on the Floss" or "On the Heights" as good novels. With books like those it stands no comparison whatever, nor, to go a step lower, with Mr. Trollope's novels, nor with "John Halifax," or certain other stories of that class. Its merits as a work of art, that is to say, are not positive but relative—they appear plainly enough when the book is contrasted with the host of third-rate novels that glut the market, but dwindle rapidly when it is measured by severer standards. It is, however, very pleasantly and unaffectedly written, has a well-conceived heroine, and a hero who, though he may possibly have prototypes in nature, certainly has none in recent fiction. The book would have been better for a wise condensation in some places—the conversations, for instance, are nearly always unnecessarily long—and for more elaboration in others. Its chief fault is, it seems

to us, that the author either failed to appreciate the use that might have been made of the materials at her hand, or had not skill enough to manage them well. The real problem which lay before her, the eleven years' of waiting and heart-breaking which her heroine is made to undergo, is passed over with a weak precipitation which settles Miss Craik's place in literature rather as a pleasant narrator of love stories, than as a skilful analyzer of human life and passion. So few writers present any claims to this distinction which are worth taking into account that it may be thought needless to make a formal denial with regard to Miss Craik's; and it would be so if she did not show through all her shortcomings a laudable ambition to do better and more artistic work than she has yet accomplished.

Natural History of Birds. Lectures on Ornithology, in Ten Parts. By Grace Anna Lewis. Part I. (Philadelphia: J. A. Bancroft & Co. 1868).—Miss Lewis, of Philadelphia, has published a specimen number of "Lectures on Ornithology," in the hope that there will be encouragement for the whole series. In this we trust she will not be disappointed. Her work is vouched for as being, what it bears the marks of being, grounded on original and faithful study; one of the fruits, we may pronounce it, of the impulse given by Agassiz to the study of natural history in this country twenty years ago. The lecture form is not that best adapted to a complete treatise, because the ordinary conditions of time imposed upon the lecturer forbid such an arrangement and proportioning of his subject as he might choose for other reasons; besides that the style of the lecture-room is not—at least ought not to be—that best suited for reading. It has appeared to us that there are in the lectures before us some passages, aimed at hearers, which readers can very well dispense with. A still greater, and perhaps unavoidable, fault in the lecture style, when published without alteration, is that what the speaker makes perfectly clear by gesture, emphasis, and inflection is frequently obscure in the printed page. It is so occasionally in these pages—although this may not always be due to the cause mentioned, but to the frequent neglect of original investigators to point out distinctly every one of the steps of their investigation. Thus, in the sub-class which she styles Primores, it is not clear to us precisely what she considers to be the rank and affinities of the ostrich; on page 23 its class is spoken of as occupying "the lowest position among existing birds," while on page 13 it is said to "approach most nearly to the Mammals," which would seem to be the highest rank. The whole treatment of the second sub-class, "Terraquatiles," is exceedingly clear and interesting; the third, the "Insenores" (in which she follows Agassiz in placing the Raptore and Scansores), is obscure—we suspect because the exigencies of the lecture hour made it impossible to give the subject the full space which it needed.

Little Women; or, Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy. By Louisa M. Alcott. Illustrated by May Alcott. (Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1868).—Miss Alcott's new juvenile is an agreeable little story, which is not only very well adapted to the readers for whom it is especially intended, but may also be read with pleasure by older people. The girls depicted all belong to healthy types, and are drawn with a certain cleverness, although there is in the book a lack of what painters call atmosphere—things and people being painted too much in "local colors," and remaining, under all circumstances, somewhat too persistently themselves. The letterpress is accompanied by four or five indifferently executed illustrations, in which Miss May Alcott betrays not only a want of anatomical knowledge, and that indifference to or non-recognition of the subtle beauty of the lines of the female figure which so generally marks women artists, but also the fact that she has not closely studied the text which she illustrates.

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